

# THE American Girl

FEBRUARY 1946

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INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

# ELECTRON PHOTOGRAPHER

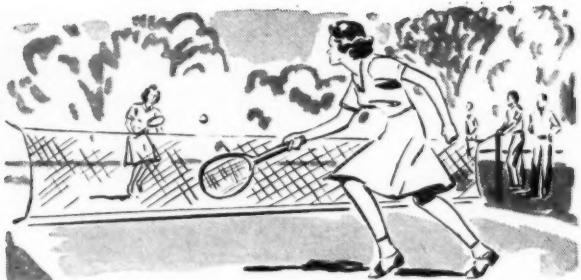
*The Story of*  
**Eileen Alessandrini**

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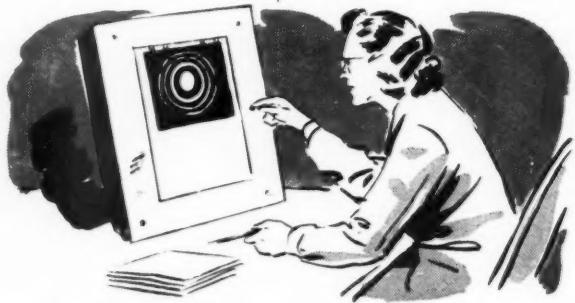
A native of Schenectady, Eileen had an early interest in science, conducting her experiments with a home chemistry set. But sports were a strong rival for her time—skiing, skating, and swimming.



In college she kept up with her sports, competing in tennis tournaments and playing golf. There she started toward the work she is doing at G.E. by developing and printing her own pictures.



She graduated from Barnard in 1943. Majoring in zoology, minoring in chemistry and physics, she received a B. A. degree with a certificate in science.



Joining the G-E Research laboratory shortly after graduation, she is now taking pictures of the "invisible" by shooting a ray of electrons through a thin film of the metal under examination.

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# THE American Girl

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VOLUME XXIX

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**ME—a  
charm  
girl?  
You're Crazy!**

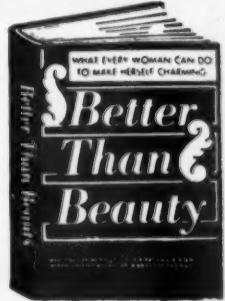
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# A MESSAGE TO AMERICAN GIRLS

**from MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**

WILLY-NILLY, everyone of us cares more for his own country than for any other. That is human nature. We love the bit of land where we have grown to maturity and known the joys and sorrows of life. The time has come, however, when we must recognize that our mutual devotion to our own land must never blind us to the good of all lands and of all peoples.

The Girl Scouts have always had, because of the emphasis on their international obligations, a fine sense of their part in the world as a whole. They have taken an interest in other girls in other countries and, by doing so, they have broadened their own knowledge of the world and have helped other girls to do the same.

At the present time I think the campaign which they are carrying on to acquaint people with the needs of the children in other parts of the world is of great value. We will be more willing to continue certain restrictions at home in order to help feed and clothe the rest of the world if we have an intelligent understanding of true world conditions.

There are many children in Europe today who are cold and hungry and in need of medical care. There is probably a higher percentage of tuberculosis in children today than ever before in many of the European countries. Only rest, adequate food, and comfortable surroundings will allow these children to grow up into healthy adults. I think that every young person in America can do a great deal to help by spreading the knowledge of the conditions which they know about among the older and younger members of their communities.

In everything we are asked to do by such organizations as UNRRA we should take our part, and there is always some part that younger people can take to help

the older people. For instance, we can all help collect used clothes for overseas shipment, and make up boxes of useful comforts which are still unavailable abroad. Our work of this kind will not only bring immediate physical relief to suffering children in other countries, but will make for better relationships among nations when this generation grows up. For girls and boys in other countries will not forget that their friends in the United States helped them when they needed help.

We feel, of course, very close to Europe, but traditionally we have always been concerned about China as well, and I think it is essential that we continue that concern because there are thousands of orphans in China who are living on a bare subsistence level, getting scarcely enough food to keep them alive. There are the children in Europe and Asia and Africa—in fact the children of the whole world—who need our attention and sympathy.

Wherever you can, learn all you possibly can about world conditions. Help in any direct, organized work that the Government asks you to do. And try to use your influence to make your family and friends and neighbors—all the people you know, in fact—more willing to sacrifice and work for the children of other countries.

Kindness shown to any children of today will not only make us better citizens at home, today, but it will make us better citizens of the world in the future, and if we hope for a better world and for peace in that world, we must be world citizens as well as citizens of the United States.

In the end, as Wendell Willkie said, we are one world and that which injures any one of us, injures all of us. Only by remembering this will we finally have a chance to build a lasting peace.

# *Hold Your Hat*

by  
**FRANCES**  
**FITZPATRICK**  
**WRIGHT**

**Pat Downing travels to Florida to visit Lucy Ellen—and has the most exciting and dangerous time of her life**

**DEAR JANIE:**

I guess you know I will be fifteen the middle of this month. Tempis really fugits, doesn't it? For my birthday present I am dying for a trip to Florida. Lucy Ellen and Harry are there now. They are spending a month in the little house Father bought down there. He is going to rent it the first of October, but until then they have it for free.

Lucy Ellen wrote me this week. She said could I come down and spend the last week with them and we'd all ride home together in the car. I am panting to do it, but I don't guess I'll get to. I mentioned it to Father and he blew a fuse. He said would I miss the first week of school to go on a pleasure trip, and would I trade my education for a mess of pottage? He said young people now think of nothing but pleasure and that we are going to end like the Romans did, or worse. Father is the pessimistic type.

Mother was more sympathetic, but still she is against missing school. But we never learn much the first week and anyway I told them I would learn more on the trip than at school, no doubt. I read about Florida in the "National Geographic." The Spanish claimed it from

Ten dollars is a very noble gift, but still it would hardly finance a trip to Florida!

The American Girl



the Indians. (You might know that already.) They settled St. Augustine, which is the oldest town in the United States. That is why the moss on the trees down there is called Spanish moss. I could learn plenty of geography and history, if they would only let me go. Also swim and get a gorgeous sun tan. But I guess it is my fate to live and die in my own native State.

It is good that your father's health is improving. It is sad when one's parents are stricken. Father nearly died last year. I thought then that if he got well I would never be mad at him again. But when he feels healthy, he is the bossy type. Mother spoils him. When I have children, I am going to explain to my husband that they need to travel a bit.

I am glad you like to live in Arizona, but I still miss you *beaucoup, ma cher ami*. How do you like my French? I am trying to keep up with your Spanish.

Adieu,

Your loving friend,  
PAT DOWNING

Dear Janie:

Hold your hat! I may get to go after all. They are putting a new furnace in our school, but deliveries have been held up on the material, and they are not going to open school until the job is finished. Isn't it providential for me?

I had a heart-to-heart talk with Mother last night. I am dying to go on the plane, but I will settle for a train. I would even ride the day coach willingly.

I got a new bathing suit today, just in hopes. It was on sale at the Chic Shoppe. It is lush-red-and-white candy-striped jersey. It makes me think of my red-and-white striped evening dress—my first. Do you remember it?

I guess I will know my fate in the morning. Mother is going to put the case before Father tonight. It is a bad time to be bringing up the subject of going anywhere, or spending any money. Because I made a dent in the fender of the car today. I hope that doesn't prey on his mind. He was in the car with me and it slightly enraged him. But I couldn't help it. In this family one is constantly misunderstood.

Your loving friend,  
Pat Downing

Dear Janie:

Thanks a million for the Indian basket you sent me for my birthday. It is beautiful. I love the design. I learned to weave simple pine-needle baskets at camp, but I could never weave one like this. It has such a pleasant smell. I am going to keep clean handkerchiefs in it.

Cousin Emmie came to dinner last night, in honor of my birthday. Before we sat down, she laid a small envelope by my plate. I was in a spin, wondering if it might be money. I thought if it was fifty dollars I would faint for joy. But

I opened my gifts from Father and Mother first, as that seemed more polite. (Mother gave me Opening Night perfume. Father gave me a plaid silk raincoat, which I needed desperately.)

At last I opened Cousin Emmie's envelope. It had a card inside, with a verse Cousin Emmie had made up about me, and a ten dollar bill. Ten dollars is a noble gift, but still you can't go to Florida on it. Mother says Father thinks it is very extravagant of me to want to go. I yearn to be rich! Rich people can travel here, there, and yon. I have only been out of this State once. You have traveled thousands of miles and Emma Weston has lately been to Cuba and back. Father says I have plenty of time to travel. But even if I live to be seventy-five, a fifth of my life is gone. And I might die sooner, who knows?

Your disconsolate friend,  
Patricia Downing

Mother about the trip, and she said if Mrs. M. called, she would speak to Father and urge him to let me go. But I couldn't wait and when Father came in I asked him myself. "The way is opened for me to go, practically free, Father," I told him.

Father was gruff. He said, "Ruination, Pat! When you once get an idea you hang onto it like a bulldog!"

I explained about the chance to ride with the Millers. Father said, "He is a nice fellow, but nearsighted and absent-minded. A dangerous driver, I have no doubt. I expect you would crowd them, too. I don't mean for a child of mine to impose on the neighbors."

Father is stubborn, but still I thought he was weakening a bit. So I waited eagerly for Mrs. M. to call. Every time the phone rang I jumped to answer it. But it was not Mrs. M. So then I was embarrassed because I had ever mentioned going with them.

And this afternoon, after I had given up hope, I met both the Millers coming out of the drugstore. I spoke to them with distunt politeness and started on. But Professor M. stopped me and said, "Just a minute, Pat! I believe you said you'd like to ride with us to Florida, didn't you?"

"I wouldn't want to do it if it would crowd you," I said.

"Wilbur, why didn't you tell me?" asked Mrs. M. She turned to me. "Wilbur is very absent-minded," she said. "If you want to go with us, we'll be delighted. It would be such a help with the children. Could you be ready by nine in the morning?"

"I'm sure I can," I said. "Mother will call you tonight."

With that I thanked them and tore home to tell Mother. She went to work, washing and ironing for me. Mother is a noble character. She talked Father around too, because when I started to bed he handed me two ten-dollar bills and said, "If this runs out, let me know."

So I'm all packed and ready to go in the morning. I'm really a lucky person, don't you think so?

Your loving friend,  
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Right after I wrote you last, Professor Miller stopped at our house to borrow a book. Mother was busy, so I talked to him till she came in. He said he and his wife and children were getting ready to drive to Florida. He has a job teaching down there this winter. I asked him if he would consider letting me ride with them as far as where Lucy Ellen lives. I told him I would gladly pay my part of the expenses.

He peered at me through his thick glasses and said he thought it could be arranged, and Mrs. M. would call me. He said they had to pass right through the town.

So then Mother came in and they talked about the book and while I was answering the telephone, he left. I told

You would have died laughing to see how we looked when we started on our trip. Mrs. M., as you know, is big and tall, and the professor is tiny. She sat in front with him, holding the baby. The baby had fallen on a croquet mallet and blacked his right eye. Professor M. had on a plaid cap, a sweat shirt, and golf knickers. I guess he wanted to look jaunty.

On the back seat was me and Amelia Ann and her puppy, Ting-Ling. He is black and curly, just addorable.

Mother had fixed a big basket of lunch for us. Ting-Ling kept eagerly sniffing

Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG



The wind roared and a big coconut crashed through the window. We brought table leaves and the ironing board to stop the hole

it. So did I, because Professor M. kept on driving till one o'clock. I was starving. Finally he stopped at a nice shady place by the highway. Mrs. M. spread the lunch and I took care of the children and Ting-Ling. Professor M. got out his portable typewriter and wrote something on it. He is the literary type.

After lunch he took Ting-Ling to walk, while Mrs. M. packed up the lunch things. When he came back, he had lost the puppy and didn't even know it.

"Where is Ting-Ling, Wilbur?" asked Mrs. M.

"Bless my soul!" said Professor M. "Where can the rascal be? He was at my heels a moment ago."

"No telling how many moments ago!" exclaimed Mrs. M. "Wilbur, you ought to be ashamed."

Amelia Ann began to cry, "My puppy! My puppy!"

Professor M. went back to look for the puppy and Amelia Ann and I went down another path, to help hunt for him. We all whistled and shouted, but Ting-Ling didn't show up. We hunted an hour, and then Mrs. M. called us back by honking the horn long and loud. She had decided we should go and leave him. Amelia Ann began crying again, but we started off. We drove about a mile and then Mrs. M. said, "Stop the car, Wilbur!"

He stopped all too suddenly. A big red gasoline truck nearly hit us. Mrs. M. pointed. There, trotting up the road ahead of us side by side, were Ting-Ling and a strange dog. We overtook them and I leaped out and got Ting-Ling. Amelia Ann kissed the puppy over and over. Mrs. M. said we had better luck than we deserved.

We drove on until it was getting very

dark and all at once the tire on the left rear wheel, right under me, made a horrid sound. Mrs. M. looked sternly at her husband. She said, "Wilbur, you will never listen to me. I told you we should stop for the night in the last town we went through."

There was no house in sight, but after a while a poultry truck came by and Professor M. caught a ride on it and disappeared into the night. So there we sat, with only Ting-Ling to protect us. Finally Professor M. came walking back. He couldn't get a taxi he said, nor a service truck. It was a very small town and nearly everyone was in bed asleep. He said we would have to camp beside the car, or else walk to the town, which was two miles away. We started walking; they each carried a child, and I had Ting-Ling in my arms. We had not walked very far till some nice people came by and gave us a ride. They took us to a hotel and we had our supper and fell into bed. Amelia Ann and Ting-Ling slept in the same room with me.

SO we did not get here as soon as we planned and Lucy Ellen was beginning to worry. I told her and Harry all about our trip, and the delays we had had with Ting-Ling and the tire.

"I don't see how the Millers could have made the trip without you," Lucy Ellen said indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me they made you pay your way down here?"

"Only the hotel bill, my part of it," I told her. "They would not accept a penny for the gas."

"That was white of them," said Harry. He and Lucy Ellen roared with laughter. They laugh a lot. Harry is fun. I am

glad Lucy Ellen married him. He feels just like a brother.

Your loving friend,

Pat Downing

Dear Janie:

How I wish you were here! Today Harry and Lucy Ellen took me sailing. A boy they know went with us. His name is Winston, so we call him Churchill. Lucy Ellen says he looks like a donkey, his ears are so big. But he is cute and very intelligent. He speaks three languages, English, French, and Spanish. I like the intellectual type, if they are not sissies, don't you? Churchill can sail a boat awfully well. Also ride a surfboard. He is going to teach me. He taught Lucy Ellen and Harry. They can ride one to beat the band. Florida is great fun. Nobody worries about working, or saving money, or anything dull. It looks like Father would get the screaming meemies in a place like this.

Thanks for your letter and the snapshots of you at Camelback Mountain. They are darling.

Your loving friend,

Pat Downing

Dear Janie:

You might like to know I am still alive. Did you read in the paper about the hurricane? The radio said first it would hit Miami, but it didn't. It hit us instead.

It changed its course so fast, we didn't get enough warning. Harry was in Jacksonville on business. Lucy Ellen and I were on the beach. Some men came down and put up black flags to show everyone there might be a bad wind, so Lucy Ellen and I went to the house. It is about a half mile from the beach, on the edge of town. (Continued on page 25)



Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE

JENNY wiped a smudge of paste from her nose. "Oh, my," she thought, "I bet I've cut enough clippings from the Cedarville 'Journal' to make a pile big enough to reach to the third floor—or something." She sighed and went right on clipping, pasting, and filing. Her job at the Cedarville "Journal"—in charge of the morgue—might not sound very elegant, but she was happy clear through.

For one thing, she thought working for a newspaper, even on the morgue, was about the best kind of a job anyone could have. She still hadn't gotten over the thrill of the day Mr. Walters finally capitulated and gave her a part-time job when Willy Jones left town. She had been bothering him for a chance to work on his paper ever since she was "smaller than the dot of an i," as Mr. Walters put it. And then, too, even though she was supposed to take care of the morgue, she'd been getting a few chances to write, ever since the time she had scored that wonderful scoop with the scientist who stopped in Cedarville, and hadn't been interviewed by anyone except Jenny. (Miss Jennifer Jamison, her by-line had said.) That was the only BIG story Jenny had written, but people were still talking about it. Especially after the news of the atom bomb broke, and it came out that THAT was the secret Government work her scientist had been doing!

BUT the important thing—the wonderful, marvelous, unbelievable thing—was that Bob, her older brother, had written he'd be home soon, for good.

"Oh, what a bea-u-ti-ful MORNING! OH, what a beau-ti-ful DAY," Jenny trilled as she smeared some paste on the back of a picture, and just then she looked up and there was Letitia Littlejohn, looking down at her in her own special, high-hat way. Letitia was the society editor of the "Journal," and until Jenny had begun work she had been the only woman on the staff. The other reporters—Tom, Charlie, Carl, and Danny—were awfully nice to the newcomer, but Letitia usually acted as though Jenny weren't there—or if she were, then why? Jenny pretended to ignore the look, but didn't succeed very well.

"Jen-ny dear," the society editor cooed, suddenly all sticky sweet and gracious, "would you be a good girl now, and take this over to the job department for me?" Jenny wondered which was worse, Letitia charming or Letitia normal.

"It's just that I'm so busy," she continued, not waiting for an answer, "and I just have to have these cards printed by early next week. That's a dear."

Suddenly she wished the floor would open up and swallow her—best clothes and all!

# Oh, what a Beautiful DAY

by BEA CHALMERS

Before Jenny could say "Yes," "No," or "Perhaps," away went Letitia into Mr. Walters' office, so there wasn't much she could do except jam her beanie on the top of her head and dash out the door toward the job department, which was down the street a little way.

"Darn Letitia," she muttered to herself. "She would pick a time like this to send me on one of her little errands. Just because the Student Council is getting together this afternoon, and Mr. Walters said I could go if I were finished. We've got to get some new gym equipment, and how can I help think of a way, if I'm not even there? At this rate I'll never be finished in time."

Then, to make it worse, Mr. Brown was involved in a long telephone conversation when Jenny arrived, so for about ten minutes she just sat around. Every single one of those ten minutes was spent thinking nasty thoughts about Letitia. When she finally got back to the office she gave Letitia a quick, "He said 'O.K.'," and dug right into the pile of clippings on her desk. But she had barely picked one up before she heard the same—no, this time it was an even sweeter—"Jen-ny dear."

"Oh, no!" Jenny thought desperately. "Not again. This time I'll say no."

"It was so nice of you to do that for me, I'd like to do something in return," Letitia was saying. "Would you like to cover one of my assignments for me?" Jenny was tempted to turn around to see whether Letitia was really speaking to her or someone behind her, the way they do in the movies. Tom, Danny, and Charlie all had let Jenny do occasional stories, but Letitia guarded her society assignments the way Jenny's pup "Panzel" guarded a bone.

"YES!" Jenny shouted quickly, before the older woman could change her mind.

"It's a meeting," Letitia explained, looking a little doubtful. "You're sure you won't miss the important points?"

**It was a mean assignment, all right—covering that Ladies League meeting. But Jenny, our dauntless reporter, managed to dish out another double scoop**

Meetings are really difficult, you know."

"I know," Jenny answered. "I just love meetings." As a matter of fact she didn't love meetings at all. She barely tolerated them. But if Letitia thought she wasn't capable of writing a good story about a meeting, she'd show her.

"All right, then," Letitia agreed, still in the doubtful tone. "It starts at three. You have time to change your clothes—and Jenny, do wear stockings, please."

Jenny looked down at her saddle shoes and fuzzy red socks, but she didn't say anything as she took the slip of paper Letitia handed her and started home to change.

AS SHE rushed to her room, she said to herself, "I can't understand it! Letitia Littlejohn giving me a story to cover!" Off came her sweater and skirt. And after a quick shower she got into her nicest pastel wool and best shoes, and put on her one thin strand of good pearls that her brother Bob—dear brother Bob—had sent her for her sixteenth birthday.

"There, Miss Littlejohn!" she challenged the mirror. "Look all right now?" Just a very little lipstick and she did look all right, Jenny decided. Not gorgeous, like Letitia, but all right.

It was five minutes before three when Jenny stopped outside the door which bore the number written on the slip of paper Letitia had handed her. "Here goes," she whispered to herself, then opened the door, tiptoed into the room, closed the door quietly behind her, and looked up. Then she wished that the floor would open up and swallow her—best shoes, dress, pearls, and all.

There, at the chairman's desk, sat Miss Maude L. Haverstraw! The same Miss Haverstraw who kept writing Dean Johnson letters about how disgracefully his students were behaving. The same Miss Haverstraw who had walked into the Sugar Bowl one evening and ordered Mr. Zadaris to "get those children out of here and back into their homes."

The same Miss Haverstraw who might have been funny, with her mania on "juvenile delinquency," except that she was making a farce out of a serious subject. Almost everyone laughed at her except the young people themselves, who avoided her, because in her eyes they were all delinquents. And Letitia had sent Jenny, going on seventeen, to cover a meeting run by Miss Haverstraw!

The name of Miss Haverstraw's club was "The Cedarville Ladies League to Combat Juvenile Delinquency," and the meetings were always the dullest, most long-winded of any ever held in town. Nobody—not even Letitia, who was really a terrific writer—could make an interesting story about them. "So she sent me," Jenny thought. "Am I the silly . . . ?"

"WELL?" Miss Haverstraw shot in Jenny's direction.

(Continued on page 39)

**"Jenny dear," cooed Letitia, "would you be a good girl and run a little errand for me?"**



**Do you always think of Martha Washington as a nice old lady  
in a lace cap? Most people do, not knowing this  
romantic story of the lovely young debutante and bride**

# THE *First* F I R S T

by  
**MYRTIE  
LILLIAN  
BARKER**

**T**HEY were all about her, a bevy of colonial maidens, members of the Page, Fairfax, Raes, and Barra-dall families.

"Your dress, Patsy—it's 'lovely'!" They called out in their excited girlish voices. "You'll be the most beautiful debutante Williamsburg has ever had."

Martha Dandridge—Patsy to all her friends—was fifteen years old, and making her debut to Williamsburg society. Ever since her birth in 1732, each bit of her training had been a steppingstone to this gala moment.

There had been lessons in sewing, housekeeping, cooking, dancing, and music. From the time she could thread a needle, she had been placed on an un-cushioned stool, and told to practice her

stitches. And in the evenings, when the family was gathered round, she practiced at the spinet. There was a tutor at the Dandridge home, and each morning he awaited Patsy with hornbook, copybook, and goose-quill pen. A little spelling, reading, and simple arithmetic occupied each morning; but sandwiched in between were all those lessons in the gentle graces of Virginia womanliness.

With the first clang of the school bell, Patsy was inclined to jump from her bench and scamper off to play.

"Ah, no, Mistress Patsy," the tutor would call. "Rise slowly, then walk quietly out."

And then, as the time drew near for her coming out, she learned how to take a gentleman's hand, and how to step in the country dances and rigadoons.

Months previous to the gay occasion, Martha's father had sent abroad for great lengths of velvet and satin, beautiful gloves, and pretty slippers. Numerous gowns had been made in the sewing room of the great Virginia plantation; but the one she had on now, with the stiff

bodice and flowered petticoat, was the prettiest of all. Her eyes took in the billowing loveliness of the skirt, as she practiced once more the low curtsy for the Governor.

"Martha, honey!" Her colored mammy came and stood in the doorway to Martha's sitting room. "The coach, it done come!"

With a flurry of swishing skirts and quick, graceful, little steps the girls caught up their bonnets and wraps and took their places in the great four-horse coach.

The small Virginia town of Williamsburg was the center of colonial society. In all of its social customs it was a model of the court of King George II, ruler of America, and the streets were patterned in the form of a W and an M, in honor of William and Mary.

Martha's coach moved slowly along the avenue of catalpa trees which lined the drive to the Governor's House, and at last the party was ushered into the mirrored candlelight of the stately mansion. Brilliancy filled the great ballroom.

**Col. Washington takes his leave of Martha Custis—and asks if he may see her again**

*Reproductions from old engravings  
by the Library of Congress*

**For forty years the Washingtons made their home at the busy plantation, Mount Vernon**



# LADY

The soft light danced beautifully on the colonial ladies and gentlemen, dressed in the latest designs from England and France, who had gathered to honor Martha's entrance into society. Everyone acclaimed her vivacity and her beauty, and before the evening was over Colonel Daniel Parke Custis bowed low over her hand, and a friendship began to blossom.

Colonel Custis was fourteen years older than Martha, but his pleasant personality and gentle ways seemed to eliminate all trace of the years which separated them. He was handsome and well bred, and he and Martha found they had much in common. As the days went by a deep affection sprang up between them, and they talked of marriage. But Daniel's father opposed the union.

"Son," he shouted, "you know the matrimonial plans I have for you!"

YES, Daniel knew. For years it had been arranged that he and his cousin, Miss Evelyn Byrd, who was several years his senior, were to wed. The parents of the two young people felt that it would be a most desirable match—an opportunity to join the wealth and culture of their aristocratic families. Evelyn and Daniel admitted no special affection for each other. In fact, Evelyn was deeply in love with an English gentleman.

Finally, in her grief over her mother's and father's interference, she became ill and died, but Daniel's father didn't immediately give in to his son's desire to marry Martha. Noting the unhappy situation, a friend of Daniel's—a Mr. Power—went to see the father. Much to Mr. Power's amazement, he discovered that a change had come over the elder Custis. It seems he had been very favorably impressed by some words of Martha Dandridge's that had reached his ears. What these words were—whether they were written or spoken—has never been ascertained, but they were most effective. And immediately upon leaving Colonel John Custis' company, Mr. Power wrote the following letter to Daniel.



John Wollaston's portrait of young Martha shows her pleasant brown eyes and lively air

DEAR SIR,—

*This comes at last to bring you the news that I believe will be most agreeable to you of any you have ever heard. I am empowered by your father to let you know that he heartily and willingly consents to your marriage with Miss Dandridge—that he is as much enamored with her character as you are with her person, and this is owing chiefly to a prudent speech of her own. Hurry down immediately for fear he should change the strong inclination he has to your marrying directly. Your most obliged and affectionate humble servant,*

J. POWER

In June, 1749, Martha Dandridge and Daniel Parke Custis were married. Mr. Custis took his young wife to his country place on the York River, called the White House. Here he and Martha spent their

brief married life, and here their four children were born—Frances, Daniel, Martha, and John. Frances and Daniel died in early childhood; then Mr. Custis died, after less than ten years of married life. At twenty-five, Martha was a widow with two small children. Thirty thousand pounds sterling, the White House and a house in Williamsburg called the Six Chimney House—all were left to Martha and the two children. Martha Custis managed all of her affairs to the very best possible advantage. She made loans on mortgages and supervised the selling of her crops.

And then, in the spring of 1758, she went to visit her neighbor, Major Chamberlayne. During her stay at the Chamberlayne home the major excused himself one morning, explaining that he was meeting a guest. It was Colonel George Washington. The major waited for him at Williams Ferry, and when Colonel

(Continued on page 33)

# Clover Creek

by NANCY PASCHAL

## PART THREE

**T**HAT night Betty Lee dreamed about the party Janet and her mother had planned. The next morning she woke up early. It was still cloudy, but the rain had stopped. As soon as she had dressed, she felt the clothes on the line. They were just right for ironing. The girls would sleep late, she knew. She got herself a glass of milk—bread and jelly would do for her breakfast. As she eased down at the kitchen table, the swinging door squeaked.

"Any coffee?" asked Elias Anderson.

Betty Lee smiled a welcome. "I'll fix you some."

They ate in companionable silence. Then, while she cleared the table and washed their few dishes, Elias filled his pipe. By the time she had the ironing board in place on the back porch, he came out with a pan of meat scraps for Rompy and a sack of chicken feed.

Mrs. Martin appeared just as Betty Lee finished the ironing. "I'm afraid I'm lazy," said Janet's mother.

"You're tired from yesterday."

Tired or not, there was breakfast to get for the girls. The scent of frying sausages soon brought them scampering, in pajamas and slippers. They clapped the sausages between bread and ate, wandering about the kitchen and in the yard. Rompy's dependable nose discovered the sausages.

"Where's that dog come from?" squealed Janet.

"He's mine." Betty Lee coaxed him to his quarters under the porch. "He won't bother you now," she said.

"What's his breed?" Pert inquired.

Betty Lee looked straight at her. "He's mixed."

"How true," said Pert.

Later, when Betty Lee took the clean clothes into Janet's room, she found the girls still in pajamas, with bed and chairs smothered under dresses and coats.

"I'm going to throw this stuff out,"

## THE STORY SO FAR

*Not even for a job in a nursery, working with the flowers she loved, not even for a chance to live in a house that seemed like a palace to a poverty-stricken country girl would Betty Lee Carter give up her dog. Fortunately, the nursery owner, Mrs. Martin, had a dog-loving father, Elias Anderson, who persuaded his daughter to take Betty Lee on, dog and all. At the end of the week, Mrs. Martin's son Bob drove Betty Lee home so that she could give her salary to her mother.*

*They arrived at the shack where her family lived only to find that they had moved to the Coast, where her father had found a job. Heartbroken, Betty Lee plunged into the preparations for Janet Martin's week-end visit. Sophisticated Janet treated the country girl as a servant and Betty Lee looked forward with mixed emotions to the party Janet was planning.*

what to say! If there's ever anything I can do for you—"

Janet laughed. "I'll be thinking of something."

"She will, too," Pert said.

"Betty Lee, take these things I've sorted," Janet directed. "Wear them or throw them away—I don't care which."

Betty Lee began to pick up the dresses. "Couldn't you make some of them over?"

Janet looked displeased. "No one around here wears made-over clothes."

**BETTY LEE** carried the garments to the porch and laid them across her bed, then went back to finish packing the bags.

"I feel a party coming on," Janet was declaring. "Pert, what would you say to next Saturday?"

"Ask your mother."

"Mother doesn't care."

Pert eyed her admiringly. "I wouldn't dare try that. I have an aunt at home to cope with. If she knew I call her 'Aunty Freeze' she'd die. But not before she changed her will."

"We all have our home problems," said Janet.

If Janet considered that she had a home problem, she referred to her grandfather, no doubt. Betty Lee left the room dazed by such boldness. In a reaction of sympathy, she asked Mrs. Martin whether she could be spared that afternoon to go fishing with Mr. Anderson. Mrs. Martin agreed.

Betty Lee followed Elias and racing Rompy far down the creek. While Elias fished, she explored for flowers. She found a plant that she could not identify, and picked a few blossoms to take back with her. It was sundown when they reached the house. The girls had gone, and Mrs. Martin was straightening Janet's room.

Mrs. Martin, too, puzzled over the coral-colored flowers. "Were there any seeds?"

"Beans, but they were green."



Arguing was useless. There was nothing to do but wear the maid's uniform that night



"We'll gather some when they ripen." She handed an envelope to Betty Lee. "I see Pert left something for you."

A bill. A five! Betty Lee felt confused. "Why did Pert leave this?"

"Because of the clothes you laundered, I suppose." Seeing her taut expression, Mrs. Martin volunteered, "Unless you want to, you needn't keep it."

Betty Lee returned the bill to its envelope. "Will she be put out?"

"She may keel over," and Mrs. Martin smiled.

"Janet gave me some beautiful dresses. One special one, pale blue," Betty Lee told her. "I don't need so many. Couldn't you make yourself something out of some of them? They're all lovely."

Mrs. Martin's glance grew mischievous. "Perhaps I could, out of the pale blue one." Then Betty Lee's face sent her into irrepressible laughter. "I was only joking!"

They went to look at the dresses. Mrs. Martin selected a brown silk crepe. I'm sure I'll be able to get a blouse out of this one.

Starry-eyed, Betty Lee tried on a blue beret.

"Go look in a mirror," Mrs. Martin suggested. And after Betty Lee had settled herself before Janet's dressing table Mrs. Martin asked her, "Do you like it?"

**The girls screamed and the boys cheered as Rompy, a brindled streak of fury, chased the Coggins' dog round and round the yard**

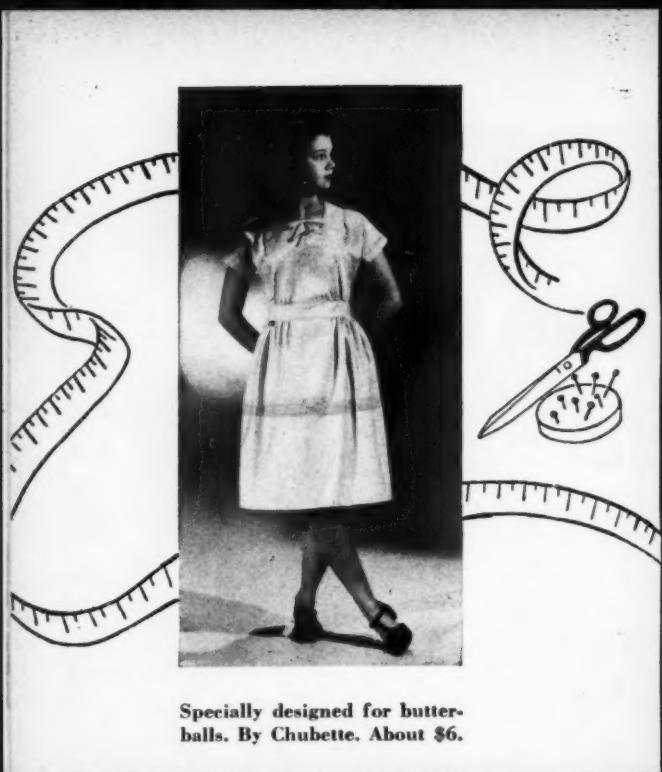
"I hate to take it off," she confessed. "It makes me feel almost like any other girl."

Mrs. Martin studied her for a shocked second. "You are like any other girl," she said. "You're quick to learn. You have beautiful hair and eyes. You can do anything you set out to do."

Betty Lee looked overwhelmed. "Me?"

"Yes, you. Make up your mind what you want, for that's sure to be what  
(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER



Specially designed for butter-balls. By Chubette. About \$6.



*Photographs by Larry Gordon*

**Red plaid rayon seersucker with pockets to round out the thin. Kent Junior. About \$10.**



Stripes and peplum slim you. Junioteen, about \$9.

**by JOAN TARBERT**

TOO fat, too thin, too tall, too short—always it seems that we're too something. A perfect figure is as rare as a perfect day, but it's a lot easier to fake. And these days the shape that's a bit off the average is a good deal easier to fit. Manufacturers of clothes now make such a variety of sizes that you should be able to find something which won't have to be completely remodeled before you can be seen in public wearing it.

Before we attack this month's problems (too fat and too thin), let's review the sizes that bid for your favor. There are the teen sizes, worked out to fit the girl whose figure hasn't quite made up its mind about the future, whose waist is a little on the wide size, tummy pretty round, and chest apt to be flat. Then there are the junior misses, from about sizes seven to fifteen,

# A Bizeable STORY

for those of you whose waistlines are high and narrow, and who find that the tape measures a bit more around the bust and the hips. Then there are the regular misses sizes from eight to ten and on up to eighteen, for people with lower waistlines, slimmer hips, and more bust.

Besides these, dressmakers have worked out all sorts of variations: designs for those five feet four and under, sizes called twelve short, twelve medium, and so on through the whole range—same dress design, but different proportions from shoulder to waist, and waist to hem. Eliminates alterations, you see.

And finally (unless someone thinks up a new idea before this gets in print!) there are teen-age sizes for the chubby. As fabric supplies increase there will be more of these around. Of course, if you're plump everyone says, "Oh, you'll outgrow it, dear!" But what comfort is that if you haven't a single thing that will go on without straining at the seams?

**A**FTER you've tracked down the size that fits, whether you're a member of the Beanpole or of the Butterball Troop, consider a few basic principles of design that can make your figure seem more nearly ideal.

There are some fabrics that practically all figure types can wear. But let's start out with the girls who are a bit on the tubby side, and then work around to you Beanpoles. Mostly, the rules for the Butterballs are the same as those for anyone else. They consist of a large proportion of *don'ts*. Don't wear stripes that go around and around. They carry the eye right across your rotundity, which is something you'd just as soon everyone would forget.

Don't ever pull your belt in very tight. You'll bulge above and below, like that classic sack tied in the middle. In fact, don't ever have anything about you too tight. A sizzling sausage bursting out of its skin may look appetizing on your breakfast plate, but a frazzled girl popping out of her seams doesn't look well anywhere.

By that I don't mean you should drape yourself in something closely akin to a circus tent. Dresses or sweaters or suits

that are too big will give you a blowzy, dowdy look. Be careful about the fit. You know the good old rules: waistline at your natural waistline, shoulders comfortable, armholes deep enough to move naturally, a skirt wide enough to walk in.

And speaking of skirts, *do* be careful of the length. If your knees are plump (well, lots of people's are, so don't get mad and stop reading) there's no sense in leaving them out in full view. But don't be so sensitive about them that you wear your skirts slapping at the mid-calf. That length can make a Betty Grable look like a piano base. Settle for something that comes just below the kneecap.

An up-and-down center line is always good for the girl who would like to be narrower, and maybe taller too. This is

worked out in lots of ways—for instance, dresses that button down the front, whether striped or plain. A set-in panel of contrasting color from chin to hem will slim you down a lot. And a dress that's striped up and down, except for a narrow front insertion from top to bottom, will give the same effect. In both cases the eye travels to the edge of the insert, and stops.

Watch your shoulders. If they're naturally broad—wider than your hips—stay away from padding. But if you're narrower at the top than the bottom, shoulder pads will give you a better proportioned look. Yokes, set-in bands, and wide shoulders can make a plump girl seem slimmer. But be careful that you don't look top-heavy. After all, you're not trying to look like the captain of a football team.

Going back to fabric pattern, the up-and-down stripe is a good friend. You can wear checks, small prints, and—with reason—plaids. Keep the checks on the small side, and don't ever fall for a dress that's covered with flowers or vegetables the size of a manhole cover. Plaids with a dark background will be best for you. The ones with white predominating are too outstanding.

**C**OLOr can work hard for you. The contrast I mentioned before has been handled very cleverly in this spring's dresses. But don't try too sharp a contrast—a bright red skirt with a dazzling white blouse is a lovely combination, but if you're short it will cut you in half. Instead wear a full navy blue skirt with a soft rose, denim blue, or leaf green blouse. If you must have your red, get it in a one-piece dress with a darker color to break its solidity—that old panel, or a couple of strips of braid down the front.

Necklines as usual depend upon the shape of your face and the length of your neck. Don't wear a high, round collar if your face is round and your neck short. Instead, try a shirtwaist collar, or a square neckline with no collar at all. Don't clutter yourself up with a flock of ruffles topside. You want a clean, clear, up-and-down look and while a narrow ruffle will look fresh and tidy, a wide one

(Continued on page 30)



Cross stripes add inches to the beanpole  
Flowered Teentimer OHoriginal. About \$8.

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Nancy Mackenzie, now with "Ice-Capades," began skating young

**I**S THERE any ice in your neighborhood—a frozen pond or lake, a river, an outdoor or an indoor rink? If there is, why not start having fun on silver blades?

It's easier than you may think. We have a saying in the skating world: "If you can walk, you can skate." And it's just about true. Age doesn't matter much, either. Like lots of others, Sonja Henie had her first skates when she was six and was a world champion at thirteen. On the other hand, many people start skating long after they are fully grown.

If you start young, as I did, you may first have to persuade your parents that it's a good idea. Tell them that skating is good for you. It gives you a hearty appetite and puts roses in your cheeks. It exercises just about every muscle in your body and develops whatever natural rhythm and grace you may possess. It

teaches you patience, perseverance, and self-control. It helps to counteract any tendency to be a wall-flower by schooling you in the art of getting along with others.

That ought to be enough to convince the most skeptical father or mother! And as for you—well, skating is wonderful fun that goes on for a lifetime, and includes everything from a game of tag on ice to performing in glamorous ice carnivals while thousands cheer.

This is no momentary enthusiasm on my part. I've been skating now for nearly twelve years and I still think it's the grandest fun in the world. For over a year I have been a skater with "Ice-Capades," one of the largest touring ice shows. Perhaps my "average" experience will be more encouraging to you, as a beginner, than the dazzling accomplishments of the champions and stars whom

# FUN

you cannot hope to emulate quite yet.

As a beginning, I should explain that the skating world is divided into three parts—hockey skating, speed skating, and figure skating. Each has its own type of skates and its own techniques. To me, figure skating seems to be the best choice for most girls, since it opens the way to dancing and performing on ice, and offers a greater variety of interest.

My own skating career began on hockey skates inherited from my big brothers. I tagged along after them on the icy street outside our home, and occasionally at the municipal rink. One day I went to the rink early, by myself. Only one person was on the ice—a little girl about my own age, skating

Bradley Smith



Quilted skating dress helps soften falls!  
Model is national junior women's champion

# ON ICE

by NANCY MACKENZIE

If you can walk, you can skate! Don't you believe us? Then read what a professional figure skater writes about the world of the silver blades



Morrill Cutting



Leaps, jumps, spins, dancing steps are based on forty "school figures"

Bradley Smith

Three young ladies, medalists all, do a "left outside forward spiral"



Morrill Cutting

as I had never seen anyone skate before. Like a bird on the wing, she was cutting great circles on the ice, first on one foot, then on the other. I hurriedly put on my own skates and got out on the rink for a better view. There I could plainly see the marks her skates had traced on the ice—two perfect circles that joined to form a lovely figure 8.

Filled with admiration, I got off in another corner of the rink and began trying to make an eight, but I just couldn't seem to make my hockey skates negotiate those curves. Finally I spoke to the little girl I had been watching and she told me the secret of her success. She was wearing *figure skates*.

I could see that they were quite different.  
(Continued on page 42)

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**This is a red, white, and gay month—packed  
with party days! Wondering what to  
do about it? Just follow these  
practical, original, sure-fire suggestions**

by **GEORGIA LEE LAYTON**

# FEBRUARY

A SHORT MONTH *and a merry one!*

That's February—crammed full of celebration days. The birthdays of Lincoln and Washington always make good party bait and deserve the highest, widest, and handsomest of decorations. And then, right in the middle of the month, comes Valentine Day, when that sweet and shy guy Cupid gets so busy!

If a Lincoln luncheon is on your list, remember that Lincoln himself was a very simple man, so let simplicity be the keynote in your table decorations, using the national colors with a red-and-white checked tablecloth and perhaps a cluster of big blue balloons for a centerpiece.

For a Washington's Birthday party, of course, the country's colors are still in order—plus the fun of George and Martha costumes, cherry trees, hatchets, and all the rest of the traditional patriotic themes.

But for real solid stuff in February, why not fall back on good old St. Valentine this year? The fourteenth falls on Thursday in 1946, so if school schedules prevent a get-together on the great day itself, there's no reason why you can't have your Valentine party on Friday, after school or in the evening.

Red, and good gaudy pinks, are exciting colors to work with, and you'll find that vivacious dabs of them here and there, in contrast to snowy white, are highly effective. By now the stores should have some inexpensive Valentine Day ornaments, heart-shaped favors, and crepe paper for tablecloths or decorations—but of course it's lots more fun to make your own. And if you're able to combine some of the decorations with entertainment, games, and prizes, so much the better! For instance, you might cut out, in silhouette, the photographs of ten of your favorite radio and movie stars, and paste each one in the center of a large red heart. Then string the hearts together and hang them across the living-room windows, pinning the ends of the string to the drapes. The red hearts give the Valentine touch to



# FROLICS . . .

the room, and you can have a small prize for the person who identifies the greatest number of photographs.

One of the best Valentine party pastimes is to provide each person, or each couple, with an old magazine, a tube of paste, a pair of scissors, and a big blank sheet of paper. Each must then make a valentine, using pictures and words cut from the magazines. Set a time limit if you wish, and give prizes for the prettiest, funniest, and most original valentines—the guests themselves to cast the deciding votes on heart-shaped ballots.

If the games you plan have a "consequence" penalty for the loser, here is one that's amusing. Place on the floor several objects of different sizes and heights. Have the loser carefully walk over them without stepping on any. Tell her to remember where they were located, blindfold her, and ask her to walk over them again. In the meantime, remove all the objects—and watch her antics trying not to step on objects that *were* there!

A good game to keep things going is Balloon Ping Pong, but make sure all your mother's antique bric-a-brac is safely out of the way before you start playing it! Have two captains choose up teams, and stretch a string across the room to serve as a net. Start the game by tossing a well-inflated red balloon up in the center. Then each team tries to make the balloon touch the floor on the opponents' side by blowing only. Hands must be kept down, and anyone who touches the balloon is penalized by being removed from the game.

After that, you might play a few quiet

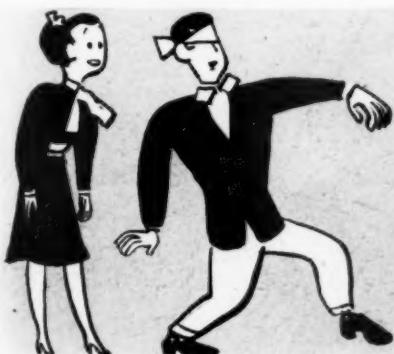
hands of "Hearts"—a most appropriate Valentine Day card game, and one most people know. Set up small card tables for this, according to the number invited, or gather round the big dining-room table. If you want, plan on two prizes—a rather nice first one, like a pair of red mittens you've knitted, or a red scarf or headkerchief, and a tiny heart-shaped box of candy for the booby. At the end of the game, refreshments can be served right at the tables.

Speaking of refreshments, a gay salad of pink pears is a party recipe your mother will probably borrow from your files for her next bridge club luncheon! Drain the syrup from a can of pears. (The number 2½ can holds between six and eight halves, depending on their size.) To this syrup, add an inch of cinnamon stick and heat to the boiling point. Tint with a drop or two of red vegetable coloring. Better experiment carefully with this, stirring in one drop and then another, until the syrup is a rich, luscious pink. Remove the cinnamon stick. Pour the syrup over the pears and chill thoroughly. All this can be done the day before the party.

When ready to serve, spread a heaping tablespoonful of cottage cheese on a lettuce leaf and press a pear half on the cheese, cut side down—or fill the pear's hollow with whipped cream and serve cut side up. Serve dressing on the side, and pass heart-shaped sandwiches.

For a dreamy dessert—which is also complete unto itself for party refreshments—try this. From a plain sponge cake

(Continued on page 25)





by HAZEL RAWSON CADES

**B**ETTER wrap up—it's *freezing!*" How often you've heard that and said, "Pooh, I don't feel it!"

The wind blows. The snow flies. Older people cluck at the thermometer and draw up to the fire. You can't wait to get outdoors with your skates or your skis. You're just like the United States mails—the weather doesn't stop you.

Probably you don't feel the cold. Or, if you feel it at all, you feel good about it. Your cheeks are rosy. Your eyes sparkle. You're not the shivery type. You may stamp your feet and beat your hands together a few times, but that's about all the notice you take of cold weather.

So, sometimes it comes to you as a sad surprise that cold weather has taken advantage of you. It's probably that nip in the air people are always talking about. It nips your nose and makes it red. It nips your hands and your shins and makes them sore and chapped. It's quite a nipper.

Your skin, as I think I have often told you, is really very capable and adaptable. It does a fine housing job for your body, and provides a sort of natural insulating and heat-regulating system. But just because it's efficient and hard-working is no reason for anyone to take advantage of it. All it asks is to be kept clean and comfortable. And that's little enough, I say.

**K**EPPING skin clean in the right way has a lot to do with keeping it comfortable, in cold weather. Try to be especially careful in the winter, not only to wash your face and hands thoroughly, but also to dry them completely. Slapdash drying is responsible for a lot of chapping. When you're in a rush it's a great temptation to give your face and hands a lick and a promise with your towel. Take a minute more and do a finished job. Your skin will thank you by feeling more comfortable and by looking prettier.

Get the lotion habit. Keep a little bottle of hand lotion near your washbasin and use it after you dry your hands. Just tip up the

bottle in one palm, and with two quick motions give your hands the once-over, as if you were scrubbing them. Quick as a wink they will get that little bit of added protection which makes all the difference. Take a couple of extra seconds and, with your thumbs, rub a little of the lotion into your cuticle with a quick, pressing-back movement. This will help keep the cuticle soft and flexible, so that it is less apt to split. It will also gradually improve the shape of the nails. Added precaution: try to avoid over-chilling the hands—remember to wear your warm gloves in cold weather.

**R**OSY cheeks look wonderful—but chapped, rough faces are another story. Some lotion or cream, smoothed over the face before you go outdoors, makes a buffer between you and the wind and cold. If you're going skating or sledding or skiing, it's especially important to give your face this invisible over-coat. It will help to ward off chapping and to keep your nose from getting so red. And don't overlook your mouth when you dress your face. The lips are especially sensitive to cold and wind, as they are in summer to too much sun. They should be protected with a lip pomade, a little lotion, or face cream.

When you come indoors after being out in the cold for a long time, don't rush to the fire and expose your face and hands to a sudden change in temperature. Let them warm up gradually. If they feel sore and irritated, rub in a little lotion or cream and wait a while before you wash them.

Of course you know that from the health standpoint it's not a good plan to take a warm bath just before going out into the cold. But any time you take a bath—and especially in cold weather—be sure to do as complete a drying job as you possibly can. Be particularly careful not to overlook the

spaces between your toes if you want to keep your feet comfortable (and who doesn't?). Be thorough, also, about drying your legs; and if your shins have a tendency to chap, take the precaution of smoothing on some lotion after your bath.

There are two special spots that you should watch with an eagle eye when you are bathing. Not because they are going to hurt *you*, but because if you're not particular they may hurt the eyes of people who see you. One is your neck, which is easy to skip if you don't make a special point of remembering it. Necks get very grimy rubbing against wool, or fur collars, and need extra soap-and-water attention.

The other please-note places are your elbows. It's amazing how rough and dingy they can get unless you keep after them all the time. Do make a note to polish them up every time you take a bath. They need plenty of scrubbing with warm water and soap—and a small handbrush often helps. If you want to be quite sure that they will match up to your short-sleeved party dress, you might rub in lotion or cream after you have washed and dried them. They will thank you prettily for this kind attention.

Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

*Smart American girls are buying MELINDA toiletries, that dreamy new line of cosmetics for teens. In better stores from coast to coast.*

*MELINDA booklet on request.*

*helene Pessl Inc.*  
785 Fifth Avenue, New York



# HOW'S YOUR LATIN-AMERICAN?



1. How many "United States" are there in the Western Hemisphere?
2. Which is longer, the Amazon or Mississippi River?
3. Going to Buenos Aires in January, would you take winter, spring, or summer clothes?
4. Who is known as South America's "Great Liberator"?
5. What have the following dates in common: July 4, July 5, July 9, July 20, July 28?
6. With which countries do you associate each of the following:  
(a) Inca, (b) Aztec, (c) Maya?
7. Where do Panama hats come from?
8. What flower, highly prized in the United States, grows wild and in such abundance in Venezuela that it is fed to rabbits?
9. With which country is each of the following associated: (a) the tango, (b) the rumba, (c) the samba?
10. From which countries do the following movie stars come: Dolores del Rio, Carmen Miranda, Margo?
11. Why do thousands of people the world over owe their lives today to Dr. Carlos J. Finlay of Cuba?
12. To what country do the Galapagos Islands belong?
13. Who was the Spanish conqueror of Mexico?
14. What and where is Popocatepetl?
15. Where is the region that was called the "Spanish Main" in the Western Hemisphere's early colonial days?
16. Which South American country has a mountain of salt?
17. Which two republics in South America have no seacoast?
18. Which is larger in area: North America or South America?
19. What famous United States symphony conductor made a series of recordings of native Brazilian music after touring through Brazil?
20. On what motor highway will you be able to travel all the way from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Buenos Aires, Argentina?

(SEE PAGE 40 FOR ANSWERS)

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the Girl Scout uniform**



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(All styles higher Denver West)

## Official Girl Scout Shoes

**It's not an official shoe unless  
it is marked "Girl Scout"**



Paul Parker



The girls in Region I will use this bright yellow trainer for a year



# WINGS for the WING SCOUTS

by  
**HARRIETT C. PHILMUS**

**Their first Piper Cub has now been delivered and assigned  
and christened—a wonderful dream come true!**

**T**HIS is the air age. Everybody says so. And four years ago, the Wing Scouts set out to prove it. Ever since the summer of 1942 when the Wing Scout Program was officially launched, Senior Girl Scouts all over the United States, with their eyes on the stars and their noses in their flight manuals have been working like mad to get their earthbound feet up into the air, too. Book learning and aviation lectures were all very well—but these girls wanted wings! Flying a plane is not like driving a car or riding in a subway. No sir and ma'am! Flying is—flying. And to these girls it had come to be the most important thing in life.

For seven hundred lucky and deserving Wing Scouts of Region I, this dream of real honest-to-goodness flying came true last month. For them the first brand-new Piper Cub Girl Scout plane—christened the "Wing Scout" on January 26th—was delivered into their collective hands for one whole happy year's using.

But our story of the cloud-bound Wing Scouts and the real beginning of their air age goes back to a sunny day—last August 18th, the day before National Aviation Day. On that fateful Saturday, an earthshaking thing happened: the Girl

Scouts became the first youth-serving organization to own—not one, but three airplanes! William T. Piper, president of Piper Aircraft Corporation, and a pilot who wants the whole world to have wings, presented the national organization with the first of three Piper Cub J-3 Trainers. These Cubs, once used by the Army for more than seventy-five percent

of its training program, seat two people and cruise at about seventy miles per hour. The airplane presented to the Girl Scouts in August was one of the first light planes to be built for civilian use since the end of the war. Mrs. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the National Wing Scout Advisory Committee accepted the  
(Continued on page 45)

Chas. P. Mills & Son



**Three Wing Scouts and their leaders get a little extra instruction from Mr. Piper**

## February Frolics

(Continued from page 19)

about 2 inches high, either bought or home-made, cut out one heart for each person to be served. Scoop out the center, keeping the heart outline clear and leaving the side walls and bottom at least half an inch thick. Allow the cut surface of the cake to dry slightly. Next, make a frosting of 1 cup of powdered sugar blended with 1½ tablespoons of warm top milk—or enough to make the icing rather "runny," so that it spreads easily without crumbling the cake. Add a drop of red vegetable coloring to the mixture and ice the sponge cake hearts with this delicate pink frosting. Set the shells aside so the icing will glaze, and just before serving fill the center cavities with strawberry ice cream, a rosy gelatine whip, or fruit.

Centerpiece may be worked out with red-and-white balloons, a cluster of old-fashioned, frilled gumdrop bouquets, a bowl of popcorn balls tied with red ribbons, or a Cupid's mailbox with silly or amusing Valentines for everyone. If you use the mailbox idea, attach a ribbon, alternating red and white, to each "letter" and run them out to the individual places.

So with patriotic colors, or with Valentine hearts and flowers, February parties may be red, white, and gay—but never blue!

THE END

## Hold Your Hat

(Continued from page 7)

The air was hot and still. The sky was clouded over. Lucy Ellen said, "I don't know much about hurricanes, I wish Harry was here. But I don't think they ever do much damage in this part of the State."

About that time the wind began to blow. It blew harder and harder. A coconut sailed off the tree in the yard and broke the big pane in the living room window. The wind made a screaming sound coming through the house, and blew the pictures and lamps and magazines all over the place. Rain poured in. Lucy Ellen got excited and ran for a bath towel and started mopping up the floor.

"What we need to do is stop up the window," I yelled at her. We got the ironing board and some table leaves and tried to nail them across the window, but we only had a tiny hammer and we couldn't do it. We got soaked to the skin, too. The lights went out and we could hear the ocean roaring like a lion when he sees raw meat. The house began shuddering and shivering like someone with a chill. Then there was a horrible ripping sound and part of the roof blew off. The rain came in buckets.

Lucy Ellen was sobbing hysterically. I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her after me into the basement. It is a little basement, and full of crates. In the dark we kept falling over things. I was afraid the gas heater down there might axeplyate us.

The wind didn't sound so horrible down there, but in a way I was more scared than ever. I thought the house might fall on us.

I don't know how long we stayed there, but it seemed like a hundred years. Then we heard Harry yelling down the stairs, "Lucy Ellen! Pat! Are you safe?"

(Continued on page 30)

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These Girl Scouts typify Scouts everywhere in their interest in things international

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **Most** of you have probably read or been told about Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide, and wife of the late Lord Baden-Powell who founded the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts in England. Some of you may get the chance to see and hear her very soon! As you read this, Lady Baden-Powell will probably be on the Atlantic on her way to the Caribbean, where she will visit the Girl Guides. From there she will come to the United States for the Girl Scout convention in Atlantic City, after which she will visit some American cities. Her first talk to Girl Scouts will be given in Charlestown, West Virginia, and arrangements are being made for her to visit Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Washington, Boston, New York, and Rochester. Sometime in May she will go to Canada to see the Girl Guides there.

• **Were you** a Girl Scout way back in 1942 and 1943? If you were, you probably contributed hard-earned or hard-saved pennies to buy War Savings Stamps for the Girl Scout Victory Fund when you heard it had been started to help child war victims in other lands. This

fund was held in trust so that it could be spent wisely, where it was most needed; and now it has been announced that a Girl Scout gift of 10,000 all-wool blankets has been shipped to the children of Europe and China. Because of light and fuel shortages in those countries, children are having the greatest difficulty keeping warm through the winter, and blankets were chosen because they not only serve as bed coverings at night, but may be draped over shivering shoulders and worn as a cape in the daytime. Each blanket is made to United States Navy specifications, and has been dyed a Girl Scout green and carries a Girl Scout label. China will receive 2,004 blankets; Poland, 3,324; France, 1,416; Norway, 1,200; The Netherlands, 822; Czechoslovakia, 768; Belgium, 192; Italy, 160; Greece, 90; and Luxembourg, 24; a decision based on the prewar number of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts in the ten countries.

• **Berthe Deusart**, a small French orphan, has been temporarily adopted by Girl Scout troop 33 of Seattle, Washington. Berthe is an orphan of the resistance, which means that one, perhaps both, of

ALL  
OVER  
THE  
MAP



her parents was killed for resisting the Germans, or put in a concentration camp and never heard from again. One parcel, containing sweaters, skirts, underwear, chocolate, needles, thread, toothbrush, and such necessities has already been mailed to Berthe, and from now on she will receive two a month, each weighing eleven pounds, for six months. In order to do this, an official form, written in French and carrying a picture of Berthe, was obtained from France. Forever, the organization which is dedicated to helping orphans of the resistance. This form permitted the Scouts to mail their parcels directly to Berthe. Troop 33 showed good judgment in selecting a little girl of nine, thus making sure that she would be able to wear the perfectly good clothes they themselves had outgrown.

• **Girl Scouts** of Oahu, Hawaii, have sent us the following bits of information about their activities: one of the troop leaders and her girls have been dickering for a Quonset hut for their troop meetings and are looking forward to adding the feminine touch in the form of curtains and other interior decoration; cleaning up the beach near Koko Head, one of the troops has shot the opening gun in a campaign to clean up the Oahu beaches; one of the troops has a baseball team which is plan-

**Right: A Red Cross club worker teaching basket weaving to Guamanian Girl Scouts**

ning to match its skill with the Boy Scouts; another troop serves a delicious fruit punch at its meetings—one for which the ingredients are practically free. It's made of limes and guavas which the girls gather themselves, and they serve it in pitchers tinkling with ice cubes. Oh, to be in Oahu!

• A letter from the island of Guam brought us some long-awaited news of Girl Scouts there. The writer tells us that Girl Scout troops were automatically disbanded when the Japanese invaded. Many of the girls met and worked together on Japanese farms and air strips, but they dared not mention anything American—it would have been disastrous had it become known that any of the girls were formerly Girl Scouts. Not forgotten, though, were the training and ideals of their Girl Scout days, for when the Americans came back and refugee camps were established, it was these same girls who, long before organized Scouting could get under way again, volunteered their services to the camp commanders and doctors. One group took charge of the distribution of clothing, another formed a sewing circle which made children's dresses and layettes, and another group served as nurses and assistants to the doctors. Now the picture has changed, and quite a number of troops have been organized under teachers and American Red Cross club workers, and more will soon be on their way.

• It's a dog's life for some dogs, and some cats, too—but not if there's an animal-loving Girl Scout in charge! It's sometimes hard to know just what to do, though, to keep a pet happy and well, so no doubt you'll think the new Dog and Cat badge is a swell idea. It's been designed to help you with the daily care of your pet, explaining about feeding, training, exercising, and what to do in emergencies. Ask your leader about it if you want more details.

• If you think Iceland would be a rather cold spot to go camping, take a look at the picture at the bottom of this page. Yes, that's Iceland, and it looks to us as though the sun in their eyes! Not always as cold as you might think from its name, Iceland is an interesting land with lots of waterfalls, hot springs, glaciers, and volcanoes. It has a parliament over 1000 years old, which is many, many years older than that of most countries. The Girl Scouts in Iceland—there are about 2500 Girl and Boy Scouts—write us that they are very

**Right: Camping in Iceland, land of volcanoes, waterfalls, glaciers and hot springs**



Official U. S. Navy photograph

interested in American Girl Scouts and in American magazines. The company which wrote us has its headquarters in a town with the interesting and somewhat unpronounceable name, Hafnarfjord.

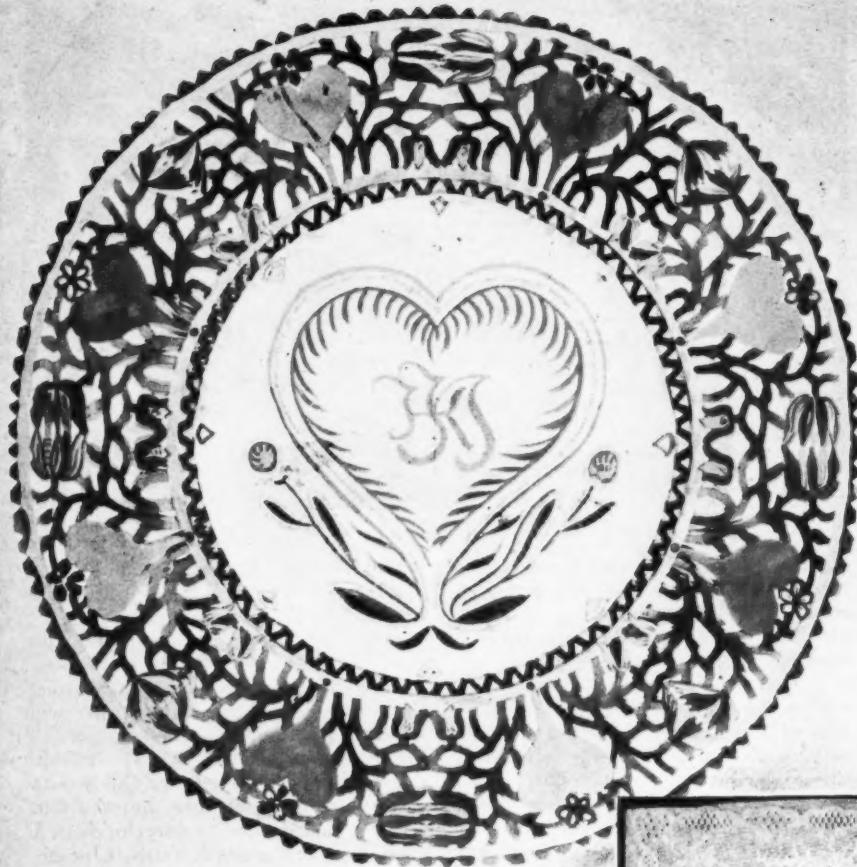
• If you've been concentrating on badges in the Homemaking field, you'll probably be glad to hear about the new Nutrition badge which is now ready for Girl Scouts. The new angle on this badge is that it has been designed to help you look your most attractive, feel your peppiest, and burst your buttons with personality—all through explaining how your food schedule influences your looks and digestion, and telling you why the food you eat is important. The badge will be announced over the air on a nationwide broadcast of "The Breakfast Club" program on March 12, during Girl Scout Birthday week. You can pick up this program between

9 and 10 A.M., Eastern Standard time, and between 8 and 9 A.M. Central Mountain and Pacific Standard time. Why not plan a "listening in" party with your troop? Incidentally, if you want to know more about the requirements for earning the Nutrition badge, write to us. We will send you the requirements, and a nutrition pamphlet prepared by Swift & Company in co-operation with the Girl Scouts. Also, every girl, whether she is a Girl Scout or not, may write direct to Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois, for the pamphlet.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.



Valentines



Norcross Valentine Collection

by

**CREIGHTON PEET**

**T**ODAY, everybody gives *everybody* valentines in this country. You can send one to your grandfather and your teacher and your old Aunt Hattie, as well as to all the boys and girls in school. Valentines are just friendly greetings which are exchanged on a certain February day.

But a hundred years ago a valentine was a serious business. Often, in fact, it was a real, honest-to-goodness proposal. So, in 1846, when a young lady heard the door knocker thump on February 14, her heart thumped too, and she picked up her hoop skirts and scampered to the front door in a dither.

What she found inside the large, gilt-decorated envelope under the door was practically a work of art. It was an original hand-lettered, hand-decorated, and hand-colored valentine. The words and verses would probably sound strange to you today, but the general idea was the same as in any modern love letter. The only difference was that "Will you be my val-

# They



A German boy, living about 1811, lovingly made this colorful, intricate openwork wreath. Note the monogram

This dainty, lacy English design, 100 years old, was reprinted for the menu of 1936 British Coronation banquet

Norcross Valentine Collection



# Meant BUSINESS

Valentines in the old days were  
serious proposals of marriage:  
today they are just friendly greetings

entine?" was usually supposed to mean "Will you marry me?" So, in those days, a valentine was *very* important.

Because it was such a serious business, Mama and Papa also inspected the valentine critically, to see whether they approved of the young man. They looked it over for penmanship, neatness, imagination, and of course, the education, scholarship, and good taste it displayed.

While valentines were anonymous then, as they're still supposed to be, we can imagine that by the time a boy got around to sending such a greeting, the girl had a good general idea of the situation and knew who had sent the valentine.

In the files of the Museum of the City of New York is one super-special valentine in which the young man really went to town in making his proposal. It was sent to a Miss Louise Horn in 1847, and we're sure that it was meant to be a proposal, because the girl married the sender—who later became a fine doctor—and because the valentine was so valued that a daughter of the couple gave it to the museum.

There is a picture of the valentine on this page. The heading "Eternal Love" is lettered in all the colors of the rainbow, and below are verses in English, French, and Spanish, with even an inscription in Syriac, an ancient language in which part of the Bible was written. Of course, the girl couldn't read Syriac—nor could her parents, but it certainly looked impressive and apparently proved that the sender was the right sort of young man!

Actually, boys have been sending valentines of one sort or another to girls for almost two thousand years, ever since the Feast of Lupercalia in Roman times. This was a sort of "love lottery," or blind date business. The girls put slips of paper with their names on them in an urn placed in a public square, and the unmarried men pulled them out.

Later this pagan festival became associated with several Christian martyrs, all of whom  
*(Continued on page 31)*



Behold three Donkeys—You're the third,  
And of the lot, the most absurd.

This young man made his proposal in four languages and every color of the rainbow! And his girl answered "yes"



About the time your grandmother was a girl, ready-made comic valentines were the rage. Many were "advice givers"

## Hold Your Hat

(Continued from page 25)

We yelled back and he came plunging down the steps, looking like a visiting fireman in a slicker and boots and rain hat. He had a flashlight and got us safely upstairs.

"The wind is down now," he said. "We are in the calm. It will start blowing again, though. Come on, we are going to the hotel. We'll be safe there. Gosh, what a night! He really did look pooped.

Lucy Ellen clung to his neck. Her teeth were chattering as if she had a chill. "I'm glad you came, darling," she said. "I knew you would get here some way."

Well, after we got to the hotel, it was jolly. A lot of people were there, to be out of the storm. Churchill was there. He laughed when I told him how we tried to fix the window with the ironing board.

When morning came we all went out to the beach, to see the effects of the storm. A lot of cars were turned over near the hotel and some boats were wrecked and there was a lot of roofing and stuff scattered around. Father's little house was not damaged as much as we had thought while that awful wind was howling through it. The roof will have to be repaired, and a new pane put in the living room window, but I guess we are very lucky it was no worse.

Harry looked at me and grinned. He said, "Well, Pat, you had a hard time getting here, and now I bet you would give your bottom dollar to be at home again."

"No, I wouldn't," I said. "And when I do get back I can tell Father that I've learned more on my trip than I would have learned at home."

"That's right," said Lucy Ellen, rubbing the bruise on her left elbow. "You've learned plenty you didn't know before about the peculiarities of people and the peculiarities of Florida weather."

But truthfully, I'm glad I came. Nothing so exciting and dangerous has ever happened to me before.

Your ever loving friend,

P. Downing

THE END

## A Sizeable Story

(Continued from page 15)

may give the effect of a pumpkin peering out of an organdy curtain.

Any questions? Well, you know our address.

AND now we come to the girl who moans that her elbows are scrawny, her knees knobby, and her friends call her Skinny. She's got her fashion problem, too. All right, Beanoles, here are your *don'ts*.

Just like your Butterball sisters, keep away from skirts that are too short. You'll do better in something just below the knee. Don't wear a dress with too low a neckline, or your collarbones will stick out like a hatrack. There are enough high necklines to give you a terrific variety, though it may not seem so at first thought. There's the line that hugs the base of your throat, with a round collar, a rolled turtle neck, or with no collar at all. There's the line that used to be called *bateau* (and still is, in the *haut couture*. Where's your French book, silly?). It goes

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Gift set illustrated	\$5
Other gift sets	\$1, \$2, \$3, \$4

Plus 20% federal excise tax to all items.

straight across, just above the line of your collarbones. Then there's the keyhole cutout. All of these are good for the thin.

Don't worry about your arms and elbows. Go ahead and wear cap sleeves and little puffs, but it's a good idea for anyone without perfect arms (whether large or small) to avoid exaggerated puffs. They call too much attention to thinness or thickness about the biceps.

The up-and-down stripe isn't in the cards for you. But stripes which go around will add that touch of roundness which looks well. Plaids of any size or shape, big all-over florals, small flowers, solid shades both bright and pastel, are your dish. What you have to watch is the cut. Again, you don't want your clothes too big, nor too tight. But do show off your waistline with a basque and a full skirt. Wear ruffles if you're the type (and that depends on a thin girl's face, not her figure). Wear plaid skirts and bright sweaters with a neat belt around your middle. If you think you're too tall, subtract an inch or so from contrasting blouse and skirt and a wide, wide corset belt. You can make one of felt very easily—just take a strip about six inches wide and as long as your waist is around. Taper it from full width at the ends to about three inches wide in back. Punch a few holes on each front edge and run a ribbon lacing through them. This sort of thing—tying a full skirt and a peasant blouse together—will make people say, "I wish I had your waistline!" Not, "My goodness, but you're thin!"

THE END

## They Meant Business

(Continued from page 29)

were called St. Valentine. The story is that one of the martyrs fell in love with his jailer's daughter and sent her a note signed "From your Valentine."

The popular custom of an exchange of letters or gifts between sweethearts is believed to go back to the Middle Ages in Europe. The date February 14 was chosen because it was on this day, people thought, that birds began to pair off and make nests.

In the past hundred and fifty years the sending of valentines has been almost entirely a British, American, and South German custom, but there are spring festivals for young people in other countries which can be compared to Valentine Day.

In the canton of Bern, in Switzerland, for example, on the night of April 30 it is customary for a young man to cut down a small pine tree, stick it in the ground outside the window of the girl he loves, and decorate it with flowers and ribbons. Thus, his tree is the first thing she sees in the morning on May Day.

The French celebrate St. Catherine's Day on November 25, when the unmarried girls who work in the dressmaking shops in Paris and other cities have a holiday and are given a party—complete with champagne. They parade around the streets wearing small lace bonnets with green ribbons, and at night there are big neighborhood dances.

For hundreds of years, clear back to 1640, there were books to help tongue-tied lovers write valentine verses. These contained samples of valentines for all kinds of people—all

(Continued on page 33)

## 2 Ways to Check a Cough

(DUE TO A COLD)

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### Horses, Horses!

HILO, HAWAII: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and have never seen a cover so touching as that of the October issue. I am very fond of horses, since my father owned five at one time. I have a collection of many horse pictures.

All of the stories were interesting and exciting. I liked *Bobo Toes the Mark* best. The articles are very helpful in the life of a teen-ager. *Know Your Money* was especially interesting. *Speaking of Movies* is my favorite feature.

MARILYN WENCE

### We Go to School

BEAVERCREEK, OREGON: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for four months and enjoy every bit of it. I especially like *A Penny For Your Thoughts* and the story *Glory In the Dark*, but I wish you would put in some horse stories. I enjoyed the October cover very much.

I take THE AMERICAN GIRL to school so that all the kids in school can read it. After we have all read it we have a picture study on it.

VIVIAN MUELLER

### Log Cabin Little House

LA PORTE, INDIANA: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much, but I would like to see more articles about Scouts in other lands.

The Scouts of La Porte meet in a log cabin which has an interesting history. During La Porte's centennial celebration in 1932 an exact replica of the first log cabin was built. Afterward it was given to the Scouts as a meeting place. Each troop has a special day to meet. Our troop, the Wild Rose No. 3, meets Thursday at four.

Our troop enjoys the homemaking field and doing community service best, although we do enjoy parties with other troops.

I am a high school freshman, fourteen, and have been in Scouting for five years. I am looking forward to our Court of Awards in April because then I will receive the curved bar.

JACQUELINE JONES

### Reading, Riding, and Rhythm

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: I have just finished reading *Stage Fright* and Part I of *Clover Creek*, and I couldn't wait to write and thank you for such swell stories. I also enjoy the jokes, letters, and articles.

I am in the seventh grade and nearly

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

twelve years old. I love children and take care of them sometimes. My hobbies are collecting stamps and pictures of places in the United States. The things I like best to do are read, ride my bicycle, and play the piano.

I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for ten months now, and can hardly wait for the next issue. Please have more about Lucy Ellen and her family.

Thanks again for a swell magazine.

BETTY LEE WILSON

### She Disagrees

DULUTH, MINNESOTA: What a swell magazine you have now—please don't change any part of it. It's everything a girl would want in her magazine. I disagree very much with Verdean Neill in the November issue. She said there were too many articles but I think that's what makes the magazine better.

I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for five years and am renewing my subscription again.

My favorite hobby is ice skating, and for extra I play the piano and accordion. I love all three.

IRENE PATTIN

### We'll Try!

ALIQUIPPA, PENNSYLVANIA: Thanks very much for the improvements made in our magazine. I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for over seven years and I think the September and November issues are the best yet. Please try to make all future issues as nice as they were.

The articles I enjoyed most were *The Sporting Thing*, *Change Makers*, *Speaking of Movies*, and *It's New!* I also enjoyed the jokes and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I am fifteen years old and in my junior year at Aliquippa High School. My favorite hobbies are skating and swimming.

MIRIAM McCURRY

### Mystery Fan

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: First of all I'd like to thank THE AMERICAN GIRL and Frances Fitzpatrick Wright, the author of *For the Land's Sake*, for the grand story of Lucy Ellen and her family.

I have never before taken this magazine and I think it's swell, especially the way you have changed it. In the December issue there was a letter from a girl named Bernadette Grice who lives in England. I thought her letter was most interesting.

I have been a Girl Scout for about a year now, and enjoy it very much. I belong to Troop 472 here in Chicago.

I am fourteen years old and go to the Julia Ward Howe School. My favorite subjects are science, home mechanics, music, and spelling. My hobby is collecting movie star photographs. I am crazy over books, especially mysteries. I like to draw also.

Once again I wish to thank all of you.

ELLEN DONOHUE

### We Hear From Nebraska

AINSWORTH, NEBRASKA: I was so thrilled when I received my December AMERICAN GIRL. The cover was very attractive and caught my eye the minute I saw it.

I love the way the magazine has been transformed, all but one thing. I wish you would have more stories about Bobo Witherpoon, Pat Downing, and some of the other characters. I like the serials best. Keep up the good work, but put in more stories.

I have never seen a letter from Nebraska since I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL. I wish more girls would write in from Nebraska.

PHYLLIS HARR

### Honest Opinion

BEARDEN, ARKANSAS: I loved that cute December cover on my favorite magazine, and the inside was gayer, too. *Clover Creek*, *Stage Fright*, *Captain Kit*, and *Holiday Hostess* were the best. *Signs in the Sky* and *Junk Circus* overdid it, though. Keep the magazine modern, but not too grown-up; stay on the thirteen to fifteen year old plane. And do have more Jennifer Jamison, Ann Morehouse, and Lucy Ellen stories. These are much more amusing than some of the stories about grown-up careers.

This letter might give the impression that I'm griping, but I don't mean to. I like the new features and I'll say so!

DOLLY SULLIVANT

### Puzzles Please

KEYPORT, NEW JERSEY: I have been reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for two months and I think one improvement should be made. I am quite sure the girls would like it if we had a few easy puzzles. I enjoy puzzles very much.

I am thirteen years old and a First Class Girl Scout.

SANDRA FOULK

## They Meant Business

(Continued from page 31)

carefully catalogued. For instance, they started with "Baker, Barber, Butcher," went on through "Nursemaid, Mason," and finished up at "Upholsterer." Here's a good one for a plasterer to send to his ladylove: "With pen, not trowel, now I toil

These lines on paper plaster

Hoping you'll make me, valentine,  
In other words, your master."

In about Lincoln's time, valentines began to be manufactured commercially, and it was not many years before they were too widespread to mean a serious proposal. About then, too, the first comic valentines appeared. They started as "advice givers," and at first were very mild and inoffensive. But in the 80's—about the time your grandmother was a girl—they began to get mean. One printed during the Civil War showed a slovenly soldier with the following verse:

"A gallant warrior you are;  
You talked exceeding fine;  
But shirked away when bullets flew—  
You're not my valentine!"

And by 1900 the valentine makers tried to be as biting as possible. But there were plenty of puns and unbarbed verses then, too. Take this one, for instance:

"Would it be a sin  
To wish you were a violin  
If I might be your beau?"

and "My love for you will never fail  
As long as fishie has a tail."

This was on a card with a picture of a big fish with a wreath of forget-me-nots in its mouth.

All it proves is that almost anything can be a valentine!

THE END

## First First Lady

(Continued from page 11)

Washington stepped ashore, Major Chamberlayne was relieved to see his friend looking so well. All the country had been stirred these past days with the reports of Colonel Washington's bravery in the battles with the French and Indians.

The major clasped the colonel's hand. "Come on up to the house," he said. "Our home is to be your home for the next couple of days."

"Thank you," Colonel Washington replied, "but I must hurry on to Williamsburg. Pressing business awaits me there."

"You must come," Major Chamberlayne insisted. "The loveliest widow of Virginia is visiting us."

With this further enticement, Colonel Washington ordered his servant, Bishop, to put up the horses. "But bring them around just after noon," the colonel added.

Together the two men went up to the Chamberlayne house. As the colonel entered the parlor, he saw a young woman in a white dimity frock, with a little bunch of Mayflowers at her belt. A tiny, white cap was perched capriciously on her soft brown hair. Colonel Washington walked directly to her as Major Chamberlayne spoke her name, and Martha Custis watched him as he approached. Six feet two inches tall,



"I KNOW I'LL PASS. SHE SAYS I'M THE MEANEST KID SHE EVER HAD AND SHE'LL BE GLAD TO GET RID OF ME."

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"fresh up" WITH  
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# TRUE OR FALSE?



## TOSSING A FEW BASKETS WON'T HURT ON "THOSE CERTAIN DAYS."

**FALSE, GALS.** Don't fool yourselves. A little healthy exercise is a fine thing, on those days. But basketball is apt to be too strenuous. Postpone it.

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triple-proved deodorant. Luxurious sure is the word for that soft, soft Modess. Yes—it's softer, safer. Helps you stay daintier. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, ask for Modess Junior. But do try Modess next time!

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rather slim, and with excellent military bearing, he appeared distinguished and elegant. For hours Mrs. Custis and Colonel George Washington talked in the Chamberlayne parlor and it was not until late the next day that the colonel continued on his journey.

Immediately upon his return from Williamsburg, Colonel Washington went to the White House, Mrs. Custis' home. It was during this visit that Colonel Washington and Martha Custis became engaged. Washington was just past twenty-six and Martha about the same age.

Washington left the White House for the vigorous campaign against Fort Duquesne. He wrote to Martha often and when he returned, they were married—on January 6, 1759. It was a beautiful colonial wedding, attended by all the prominent folk of Williamsburg.

Martha looked a very dainty little figure beside the great height of Washington. She wore a white satin quilted petticoat, with an overskirt of heavy corded silk, shot through with silver threads. Her high-heeled satin slippers were fastened with buckles studded with diamonds. She had three bridesmaids.

The groom wore a blue suit, the coat lined with scarlet silk and trimmed with silver. His waistcoat was white embroidered satin. He wore knee and shoe buckles of gold. A dress sword hung at his side.

The newly married couple didn't go to Mount Vernon at once. Washington was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, so for convenience they went to the Six Chimney House in Williamsburg. The bride traveled in a coach drawn by six horses and guided by liveried Negro postillions, and beside the coach rode Colonel Washington, attended by a group of former brother officers in His Majesty's service.

With the affairs of Martha's large estate settled, and when Colonel Washington's business in Williamsburg was over, he took his wife and her two children to Mount Vernon—his own plantation of over four thousand acres. Little did he realize at this time that there was something more to his future than just being a country squire.

For forty years George and Martha were partners. The war and the rigorous tasks of leadership made great demands upon them both, but together at Mount Vernon, they found much tranquility.

Once Martha wrote: "I am again fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket."

THE END

## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 13)

you'll find yourself getting before long."

Betty Lee was convinced that whatever Mrs. Martin said was true. "I guess I've always tried too hard," she decided, "and maybe I haven't believed in myself enough."

The clearing sky gave Mrs. Martin a pleasant week in which to make ready for the party. Elias went after Luke Coggins, and they built a long table and two smaller ones out of scrap lumber in the storeroom. The tables looked well under the trees. Mrs. Martin and Betty Lee baked chicken loaf and cake, and prepared fruit juices for the

punch. They had asked Mrs. Coggins to help on Saturday afternoon. Betty Lee, who was to help serve, planned to wear one of her new dresses. She had Sunday to think about, as well as Saturday. For Bob would surely take her to see whether a letter had come from her mother. She could hardly sleep nights for longing to hear from her folks.

She was worrying about Rompy, too. The Coggins had acquired a dog, and it was all she could do to keep Rompy from fighting his new neighbor.

They were all tired by Saturday. Elias even had his breakfast in bed. It was a relief to have Mrs. Coggins take charge in the afternoon, for salads and sandwiches had not yet been made. Betty Lee's navy blue crepe had been pressed, and she laid it aside for later. She let her hair hang in soft ringlets and tied a pink ribbon around it. Elias, she noticed, kept on his old clothes.

Toward evening, Mrs. Martin put on her becoming white dress, and spread linen cloths over the long table and the smaller tables at each end. "It's going to be attractive, when it's late enough to turn on the overhead lights," she said, as she placed the punch bowl on one of the smaller tables.

Before she took time to dress, Betty Lee arranged roses on the table in the living room. She switched on the floor lamps. The witchery of lights and flowers quickened her heartbeats. "Now for my dress!" she thought.

She had slipped into stockings and sandals, but had not changed her dress, when she heard car doors slamming. Quick steps sounded through the house. Janet appeared in the doorway, in sheer white.

"We're going on to a dance later," she ex-

plained her formal attire. "Come to my room. I'm in a jam."

Betty Lee followed her.

"Will you do something for me?" Janet demanded.

"Sure," Betty Lee replied.

Janet opened her closet door. "Then jump into this."

Betty Lee took the black dress. A maid's uniform!

From a drawer, Janet pulled a white apron and frill. "I hear more cars. Step lively."

"I don't want to put this on," Betty Lee declared.

"But you just said you would."

"I want to wear one of my pretty dresses," the other girl wailed.

"I'm giving a party without a single person in uniform!" Janet cried. "It's embarrassing."

"Don't you ever think of anyone but yourself?" Betty Lee demanded.

Janet's eyes darkened. "You said last Sunday if there was ever anything you could do for me, you would."

**I**T WAS true. Betty Lee could summon no further argument. She put on the dress, the apron, took off her hair ribbon and fastened on the frill. But she felt disconsolate.

Though it was not yet dusk, the crowd milling about, and the laden tables, gave the grounds a festive appearance. Betty Lee hurried past a chattering group to the main table, where Mrs. Martin stood.

Janet's mother saw the uniform. "How did that happen?"

If the severity in Mrs. Martin's tone had

been for her, Betty Lee would have taken to her heels. Even as it was, she shivered at the thought of what lay in store for Janet.

"She felt bad because the other girls have servants," explained Betty Lee.

"I know you're disappointed," sighed Mrs. Martin. "So am I—in my daughter."

George Baney came along and hailed Betty Lee. He was swinging the hand of a tall and attractive blond. That was surprising, thought Betty Lee. And on a trip to the kitchen after a pitcherful of fruit punch, she learned that Elias, on this important evening, had already gone to bed. Rompy was making a fuss in the back yard. Betty Lee hurried out there.

"Bob!" she cried, pleased.

"Hi," he said. "Been looking for you."

A fresh outburst of barks attracted her attention. Rompy had a visitor, the Coggins' chunky looking dog.

"Git!" threatened Betty Lee. But the dog only sniffed the ground.

Bob laughed. "Going to let him dig up your bone yard, Rompy?"

"Bob Martin, you want them to fight!" Betty Lee took Rompy in and tied him to the bedpost. "Behave yourself," she scolded him. "Don't you know we're having a party?"

"All except me," said Bob. "I don't like parties. Do you?"

"I don't know. I never went to one."

Bob looked amazed. "Get yourself ready and I'll take you stepping."

It was just talk, she thought. Bob went into the kitchen, swathed himself in an apron, and rigged up a tall crown of white cardboard.

"I'm a chef," he announced, and sallied forth with the wieners.

## "Don't let them kid you!" says RAY MILLAND

starring in the Paramount film, "KITTY"



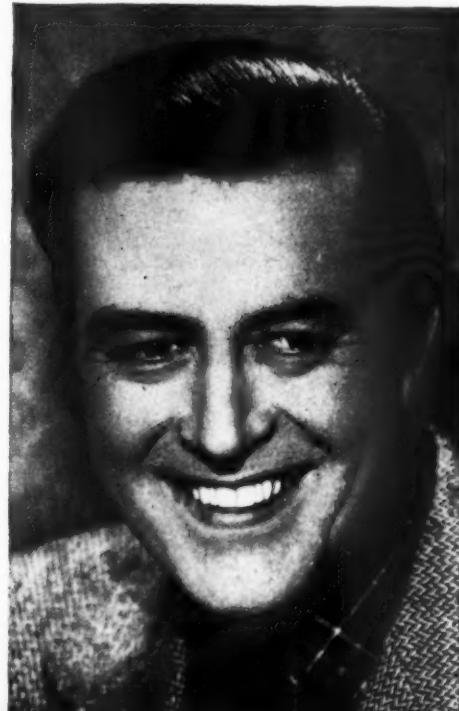
"You can't tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name.

"People from every race and every country have helped to make America great. Let's

all remember that, and show the world America means what it says about Democracy!"



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Betty Lee filled the punch bowl. The other small table looked equally enticing, with its white iced cakes. Mrs. Martin, slicing chicken loaf, urged the girls and boys to help themselves. Bob, who had built up his fire and was roasting his wieners, found himself deserted.

"Come and get it," Janet invited her guests, "while you're still young enough to enjoy it."

But Betty Lee thought, "There's more to it than being young." She saw the clothes, smelled the food, heard the talk. Still, she was no part of it. No more so than if she had been standing outside a show window with her nose pressed to the glass.

Later Mrs. Martin murmured to Betty Lee, in passing, "Follow me."

In Mrs. Martin's room Betty Lee was astonished to see, laid out on the bed, the lovely dinner dress that Janet had given her.

"Get ready," Mrs. Martin said. "You can't go in that uniform."

"Go? Where?"

"Bob's taking you to the dance," his mother declared.

Betty Lee's heart felt in a flutter. "I can't dance!" But she began to take off the black dress.

"Neither can Bob." Mrs. Martin let the pale blue dress cascade over Betty Lee's head. "I'm a match for my daughter," she said, exchanging the white frill for a blue hair ribbon. "Those kids are going to think you and Bob were duded up like a maid and a chef to play a joke on them. I'll call you my 'botanical assistant'."

Betty Lee twirled before the mirror, elated. "Wait till Bob sees you," said Mrs. Martin with satisfaction.

As they started through the living room, Bob came in. He had discarded apron and cap.

"Zowie!" he breathed, at the sight of Betty Lee. "Come on, girl, let's knock 'em for a goal!"

Betty Lee's fingers closed on his outstretched hand. She felt so different. Crossing the lawn beside him, she was aware of the caressing swish of her long fluffy skirt. It reminded her of "playing lady," in her little girlhood. The crowd had scattered to eat. No one had yet fallen upon the cake and punch.

Mrs. Martin took Betty Lee and Bob in charge. "May I introduce the maid and the chef?" she said.

An interested group glanced around. Mrs. Martin named over the girls and presented the boys. She established Betty Lee's position, giving them to understand that she lived there. Suddenly Betty Lee's smile stiffened. Janet had pushed her way into the circle. Her gaze shifted from Betty Lee to her mother. Mrs. Martin met the look. Janet was forced to turn aside without a word.

It came out that the tall blond, who lingered near George, was president of the class giving the dance. Bob called her Peggy.

His impetuous, "When do we eat?" made Betty Lee realize they hadn't had a bite.

"I'd like a wiener," she told him.

"Me, too," said Pert.

While Bob prepared the buns, Betty Lee returned Pert's five dollars.

"I pulled a boner," Pert commented.

Just then Betty Lee noticed a chubby girl standing off by herself. She recognized her

loneliness, and invited her to join them. "How's the tonsil work coming, Fay?" Pert inquired of her.

"I'm not being presented in the recital," the girl admitted. "I suppose my voice isn't good enough."

Betty Lee remembered, then, Janet's remark about "Miss 'Plump' Jones!"

Suddenly, across the yard, a commotion arose. Betty Lee turned at the girls' squeals. She heard a dog's yelp. With an exclamation of dismay, she saw a brindled streak in pursuit of the yelper. It was Rompy, free of his leash, giving chase to his visitor.

"H-e-r-e Rompy!" she called, jumping up.

But Rompy had no time for her. Around the house he went, his feet crisscrossing. Betty Lee took out after him, holding up her long skirt. Before she could catch him, he had circled to the front again, darting among the guests. The strange dog's clumsy gait tripped him. Rompy leaped at his throat. The cur howled dismally.

"Get that little scrapper off!" someone cried.

One of the boys, a burly fellow, straddled Rompy.

"Choke off his hold! Grab him!"

Betty Lee caught the boy by the arm. "Don't get mixed up in it," she cried above the hubbub. "Let me get there!" She thought in horror, "A dog fight, on Janet's party night!"

The cur managed to shake off Rompy's grip. He wriggled in among the encircling shoes. His enemy tore after him. Straight across the yard he went, with Rompy gaining. Along the fence, down the side yard, back again toward the house.

"Come on, Rompy!" shouted Bob. "Catch him, he's yellow!"

The larger dog dived under a group of chairs. The girls screamed as Rompy skimmed past him. The slight advantage gave the cur a chance to turn. He plunged beneath the long table and came out at the opposite end. Rompy picked up his trail. The girls danced in excitement. The boys yelled. It was as good as a game. In a frantic effort to escape, the big dog slued sideways. Rompy, in the abrupt shift, bounded squarely against a table leg. With a creak and a thud, the table holding the punch bowl crashed down.

IT WAS over in an instant. The dogs disappeared. Everyone stood gaping at the broken glass, the stained tablecloth, and the pungent, soaking ground. They all were stunned. Then came a babble of excited comment. Mrs. Martin eyed the fragments of her bowl and the stain on her tablecloth; but unlike the others, she said nothing.

"What do we serve with the cake—water?" cried Janet.

Dozens of protests arose. "We can eat cake without punch!"

"Follow me to the cake slicing then," said Janet.

As they trooped along, they hailed George's roadster backing out. Betty Lee scarcely noticed his going. She had her own troubles.

"I'm sorry as can be," she told Mrs. Martin tearfully. "But that doesn't undo what's done."

Then she hurried to the propagating shed, found a basket, and gathered up the broken glass. The tablecloth was dreadfully stained. She rolled it up. Bob helped her lug the lop-

sided table around to the back yard out of the way.

"Did you let Rompy loose?" she moaned.  
"Not I. Don't worry so, Betty Lee."

Her voice came huskily. "It's your mother."

"Mom'll get over it."

But Betty Lee shook her head, despairing. They made their way around the house in time to see George's roadster return. George hopped out and unloaded a case of bottled drinks.

Janet stopped serving cake long enough to assure him that he was wonderful. He joined her at the table, looked from her white dress to the white iced cakes. "All you need is a white veil," he said, and his eyes held admiration.

The cake had about disappeared, and only a few of the bottles remained unopened, when one of the girls burst out, "Janet, look!" The girls gasped. For there was Rompy, looking pleased with himself.

"Get rid of that nasty dog!" wailed Janet.

The boy who had tried to stop the fight armed himself with a bottle, and raised his arm in readiness to smash it down. Betty Lee screamed. She flew across the yard, flung herself on the boy. Like a fury she snatched and pulled.

"Don't you hurt my dog!" She drew a savage breath. "I'll scratch your eyes out!"

She looked capable of it. The boy tossed the bottle to the ground.

"Where do you live, Miss Primitive?" he asked. "In a tree?"

"I'll make you think I do, like a tiger cat!"

BETTY LEE picked Rompy up. To the accompaniment of growls, she crossed the lawn and went around the corner of the house. She kept going, across the back yard, to the shadows along the creek bank. There she would wait till the young people left for the dance. Then she would go back and wrap up her belongings. She would leave the clothes they had given her. She would set out for Mrs. Suggs' house. There would surely be a letter. Wherever her mother was, she would go to her.

It seemed hours before the cars left. Finally Mrs. Coggins came out and hurried home. Then the lights in the house went off. Betty Lee crept into the back yard. Rompy seemed to understand, for he made no sound. At the porch, she placed a cautious foot on the bottom step.

Something stopped her—a whisper. Bob's voice.

"Hello, runaway," he said.  
She gasped. Her knees began to tremble.  
"I figured you'd be coming back about now."

She stammered, "What are you doing here?"

"Sitting on my own back step."  
"But why aren't you at the dance?"

"I got stood up." When she said nothing more, he pulled her down on the step beside him. "You thought you'd slip in and slip out, didn't you?"

"How do you know so much?" Her voice shook.

"I know by myself," he said. "And I think you're swell. Hopping on that guy! It was great."

Betty Lee crumpled up. "I feel disgraced." He patted her back, a strong pat that brought her erect. "Listen to this. I came

(Continued on page 39)

# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Shoo Shoes:** Is your mother always complaining that you track mud into the house, when all you've been doing is your outside chores? Well, here's an answer in the shape of a shoerack that holds shoes with the soles pointing up. It fits any type or size of shoe. If you hang it on the side porch or just inside the back door, you can take your working shoes off and leave them neatly there until you go out again. It would encourage the rest of the family to do likewise.

**Patching Pleasure:** If you just hate weaving darning thread in and out to repair small holes in stockings and wool skirts, there's a new outfit on the market that patches a hole like vulcanizing a tire. You place the sock over the darning egg so that the hole is on top, put the patch over the hole, press a gadget over that, plug in the electricity, and presto, in eight seconds the hole is repaired, like a blow patch on a tire. The outfit comes with twelve packages in various colored patches.



**Pops the Tops:** If you have trouble getting the tops off soda bottles, as well as cans and jelly jars, you might look into a new wall-attached can opener that has a definite way with glass jars, jelly glasses, and all pop bottles. Makes a good present for Mother.



**Ghosts Beware:** Do you wake up in the night, become startled and reach for the light, but find a ghost has apparently walked off with the switch? A light that comes on automatically if you rise up in bed can be attached in a simple way. You place the light itself in a wall plug and a small box, attached to it by a cord, between your mattress and spring. Then, no matter what sound makes you sit up, the light goes on and you can see for yourself.



**Athlete's Anathemas:** If the winter finds you with a light case of athlete's foot from using the common shower room or swimming in a public pool, you'll be pleased to know that the same stuff used by the Army and Navy to combat athlete's foot is now being marketed in powder and salve form. Ask your doctor if it's all right for you.



**Magic Memorandum:** Darn it, there's no pencil in the house! Where's the paper, I have to take a telephone message! These troubles are over when you own a new kind of writing pad that has a special blunt pencil attached. You write the message and it remains there until you're through with it. Then you press a button, the message vanishes, and a clean slate is left for the next one.



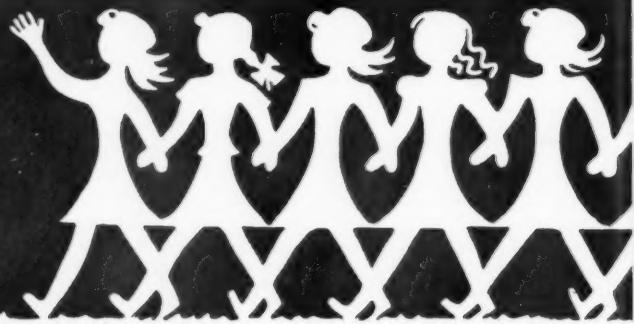
**Pup's Playtime:** If your favorite pup wanders away when you put him out of the house for fresh air, and you're afraid he will tangle with traffic, there's a tether on the market that will keep him safe, happy, and within view. It's made of metal, and has a swivel top that allows the dog to move freely in any direction without getting caught in the rope or choking.



**Shine Your Sparklers:** Real jewelry, or the good costume variety, will respond with splendor to a jewelry cleaner now on the market that is very easy to apply. Just brush it on with an old toothbrush, rinse it off, and watch your gems gleam.

If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

# IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LLOYD WELDON

## The Eye Bank

Recently a pleasant, brown-eyed woman named Miss Eve Tobey of Stamford, Connecticut, left a curious will. "When life leaves my body," she wrote, "I want to provide a happier life for some living person by donating my eyes to science."

When she wrote that will she had in mind two things, her nephew's gradual blindness, and the work of the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration. Actually, when she died a few months ago, her strong healthy eyes gave a chance of sight to two people.

The Eye Bank works very much like the wartime blood banks. It uses the life-giving strength of the healthy person to aid the weak. But the Eye Bank, so far, has been able to aid only those persons suffering from cornea defects. Miss Tobey's nephew was blind because of another defect, or else his aunt might have willed her corneas to him.

The cornea operation is a form of transplanting. Just as bone can be grafted to bone, the cornea—that delicate lenslike "outer eye" directly in front of the pupil—can be transplanted to another eye. The healthy cornea must be removed from the donor within an hour after death, and transplanted into the needy eye within three days.

The Eye Bank, connected with the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital in New York, has been willed approximately three hundred eyes to date. Thirty-three hospitals in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Maryland are affiliated with the Eye Bank. The Red Cross Motor Corps handles the transportation of corneas.

So far as is known the age of the donor

of the cornea makes no difference. In fact, one of the Eye Bank's most interesting donations were the eyes of a little baby who died a few hours after birth—they helped a man whose own eyes were damaged in a traffic accident. In reverse, the eye of a middle-aged man was used in an operation on a child a year and a half old.

## A Good Neighbor

One of our most important good neighbors is Brazil. Brazil's great problem is how to conquer and control her immense land. She is the fourth largest country in the world—but even in her sophisticated and gay capital, Rio de Janeiro, there are patches of wilderness and jungle. Unlike our great pioneers, the men who settled Brazil after its discovery in 1500 stayed in the coastal areas.

The Brazilians are a likable people. They are happy and charming. They have a casual attitude toward life. There is no great emphasis on efficiency, or legal technicalities, or—to take a small example in daily life—punctuality. Guests at a party may show up a day too early, a day too late, or not at all, but it is unlikely that any ill will is involved, and should you comment, you will undoubtedly receive a fabulously entertaining story explaining all. They are hospitable and sympathetic and they love good fun; and the annual carnival at Rio means no work, and dancing in the streets for three solid days and nights.

The country's greatest crop is coffee, now being used not only as a beverage but also in the making of plastics. Their President is ex-War Minister General Eurico Gaspar

Dutra, winner of the recent presidential election, the first since 1930.

## The Girl in the White House

The only difference that Margaret Truman's friends see in her since her father became President of the United States is that Margaret now wears tailored suits to her classes at George Washington University, instead of sloppy Joe sweaters and skirts.

Other than that, Margaret, a quiet, studious blond, is like most girls her age, even if she is driven to the University in the presidential car.

Her major subject at the University is history, for she has postponed the achievement of her true goal—a singing career—in order to get her college diploma. She's quite serious about music, however, and has spent three summers with an opera company in Denver, training for future operatic performances in radio or, better yet, the Metropolitan Opera.

Like the other students, Margaret stops in at the drugstore hangout for ice cream or a coke, or picks up a sandwich and a bottle of milk to take up to the sorority house of Pi Beta Phi to which she was pledged in 1942. And like most of you, she has her favorite pet—a lovely, lively red Irish setter.

Between her school work and her official engagements, she doesn't have much time for dates, and she doesn't care too much for clothes, though her friends report she has a weakness for shoes and perfume. She has yet to entertain at the White House as a hostess on her own, and she remains in the background at most presidential functions.

## DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU EAT?

Are you one of those people who leaves parsley untouched on her plate, considering it just an inedible decoration? You really ought to eat it, you know, for it's a very rich source of Vitamin A, that important vitamin which strengthens your eyes and guards your well-being.

Dandelion leaves—that everyday variety that are frowned on in front lawns—are strong in Vitamin A, too, as are several other usually ignored greens. Beet tops are a good example of this—a very healthy and very tasty vegetable that often goes straight from market basket into the garbage pail.

Did you know that while tomato juice is a fine source of Vitamin C—the resistance vitamin—you get twice as much, ounce for ounce, in orange

juice? And even more in lemon juice? Lemon juice was thought of as a medicine in early times, not as a food. Many people nowadays take the juice of a lemon in hot water each morning, and vow that it's a good cold preventive and promotes a clear complexion.

Did you know that if you feed an animal natural, blackstrap molasses his coat becomes glossy and gorgeous in no time at all? That's a beauty tip for your furry pets.

Did you know that if your nails break easily you probably need more calcium and phosphorus? You can get these important minerals for nail, hair, and tooth strength in milk, whole wheat bread, and cheese. And there's an idea for a perfect afternoon snack!



## Clover Creek

(Continued from page 37)

by the Suggs place on my way out here and got your letter."

"Bob, did you?" She was overjoyed. "Give it to me!"

"You don't get it tonight." He stood up, preparing to go inside.

"But why?" She jumped up, stamped her foot. "Why don't you give it to me?"

"Because I know how to handle a kid like you," he told her. "I want to make sure you'll be here in the morning."

(To be continued)

## O, What a Beautiful Day

(Continued from page 9)

"A-um-a," was all Jenny could get out. "Speak up! What do you want?"

Jenny swallowed hard, thought of Bob on the way home from the South Pacific—Bob who had always helped her out of scrapes, and oh my, did she wish he were here now—and said, "I'm here from the 'Journal'." She meant to say it, but actually she squeaked it.

All the old ladies in the room started to whisper then, until Miss Haverstraw quieted them by holding up a long, skinny hand.

"What do you mean, from the 'Journal'? Why don't you speak so that you can be understood, young lady? And hurry, we have important business here."

By that time Jenny had decided her newspaper career came first. She wouldn't sneak out, much as she'd like to.

"I'm here to cover this meeting for the Cedarville 'Journal,' in place of Miss Littlejohn," she announced boldly, though the effort did queer things to her knees, and her hands were perspiring and icy both at once. If this weren't so scary it would be funny, Jenny thought. As vice president of her high school class, a member of the girls softball team, and co-chairman of the social activities committee, Jenny was pretty representative of Cedarville youth.

Miss Haverstraw called the meeting to order, and all the ladies who had been staring at Jenny faced front. Then she addressed her first remark at Jenny, and they all turned around again.

"My dear young lady," she said, "Mr. Walters shall certainly hear about this from me! I hope, however, that since the 'Journal' saw fit to send you here—showing small respect for the importance of our organization—you will do your best to write a story that is at least readable. All right, Lucy," Miss Haverstraw dismissed Jenny by turning to one of the ladies in the front row, "you may read the minutes now."

Jenny felt herself turn crimson. She could barely hear what "Lucy" was reading, because for some reason her ears were ringing. But she clutched her pencil as hard as she could, bit her lip until it hurt, and started to write. Pretty soon the ringing stopped, the hot feeling went away, and she was getting words down.

"... especially since the war's end," the one called Lucy was reading, "is it important that the young people be protected from the evil temptations that result from a lack of discipline on the part of the authorities."

## "Right! We'll pick it up on our way in"



**T**HE day is coming when automobiles and trucks will be *telephones on wheels*. In touch with their offices by the telephone on the dashboard, delivery-truck drivers will be able to take care of last-minute orders without making extra trips.

Callers from cars will talk over two-way radiotelephones that will be linked with the land lines of the

telephone company through the nearest of several receiving and sending stations.

It is similar to the Bell System's ship-to-shore radiotelephone service used widely in coastal, harbor and inland waters before the war.

Installations of this new mobile radiotelephone service in a number of large cities will depend upon how rapidly production of new radio equipment can get going.

### BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**YARN** SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES  
Circle Yarn Co., 2334-B-North 29th St., Phila. 32, Pa.

### The AMERICAN GIRL Index for 1945

Anyone wishing a copy of the index should address the request to The American Girl editorial office, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York, and enclose 3c postage to cover mailing. The American Girl index for the past year will be printed separately, and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified, as usual, under the ten program fields of Girl Scouting.

**"Ashamed of your  
Complexion?  
Try THIS:  
says Penny."**



Wash every day with warm water, and the fluffy lather of mild Resinol Soap. See how clean and soft your skin looks and feels. Then use soothing Resinol Ointment to relieve itchy smarting of pimply spots and help nature heal them. It's so easy! Let Resinol help you as it does other girls.

**RESINOL OINTMENT  
AND SOAP**

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Jenny's pencil worked quickly, automatically.

"Now that so many boys will be returning from uncivilized sections of the world, where standards of behavior are so alien to ours, it will be even more important for us to be on the constant alert to the dangers that face our entire community if the present-day tendencies of youth continue."

At this point Lucy took a breath, and everyone nodded enthusiastically.

"A motion was made and passed that the Cedarville Ladies League to Combat Juvenile Delinquency start a campaign to face the new problems that the war's end had brought about. A committee was formed. . ."

Jenny's pencil got the names of the committee members, but her mind could hardly stay with the subject. "Boys coming home" made her think of Bob, and thinking of Bob was so much more interesting than listening to the "Cedarville League to etc. etc." which was the way she referred to it in her notes.

After Lucy finished her minutes the regular meeting got under way. The agenda seemed to consist of each lady getting up and relating to all the other ladies some horrible incident which was sure proof that the young people of Cedarville were all on the verge of becoming delinquent.

Jenny began to feel sleepy by the time the fifth lady stood up.

"With gasoline not rationed," she began, "there's no doubt that all sorts of wild automobile parties will be starting again." She waited for the effect to sink in and then continued, "This very afternoon I saw a car full of young people driving madly down Main Street. Goodness knows where they were going. But by the noise they were making, laughing and shouting, and the nonsense they had painted all over the car, I'm sure they were up to no good."

"Such conclusive evidence!" Jenny thought. Just because some kids were riding in a jalopy and laughing, they were "up to no good." "Nonsense painted all over it." Why David Melner, one of the smartest kids in school, had bought an old jalopy and had all sorts of nutty things written on it.

"David's president of Student Council," Jenny thought, and then she remembered—Student Council this afternoon! In her enthusiasm about writing a story, she had forgotten all about it.

SHE remembered that David was to bring his car to school, to take some of the old gym equipment to Matt Briggs. Most of the stuff was in terrible condition, but they wanted to find out what could be salvaged or sold before they started raising money for new equipment.

So THAT was the "wild automobile party." Jenny guessed why they were laughing so. A car full of gym equipment made for uncomfortable riding when a bunch of high school seniors tried to fit in too.

"I certainly feel," the lady was saying, "that we ought to include a platform to forbid the sale of gasoline to people under twenty-one."

"Under twenty-one," Jenny's pencil wrote, and all of a sudden she was struggling with a terrific desire to giggle. But a tiny one escaped her lips, and the ladies, who had been conscious of Jenny's presence all through their meeting, heard it immediately. As though an order had been given to that effect, they all turned to look at her. That

## Answers to the Inter-American Questionnaire

1. Four. United States of America; United States of Brazil; United States of Venezuela; United States of Mexico.
2. The Amazon, which is approximately 4,000 miles long—1,700 navigable miles in Brazil alone. The Mississippi is approximately 1,200 miles long, only about a third of which is navigable for light-draught vessels (1943 Almanac).
3. Summer clothes. Seasons are the reverse of those in the U. S. A.
4. Simon Bolivar, the leader of the independence movement.
5. They are all Independence Days in the Americas. July 4, U. S. A.; July 5, Venezuela; July 9, Argentina; July 20, Colombia; July 28, Peru.
6. (a) Peru, (b) Mexico, (c) Mexico (Yucatan), Guatemala, and Honduras.
7. Ecuador.
8. Orchids.
9. (a) Argentina, (b) Cuba, (c) Brazil.
10. Carmen Miranda from Brazil; the others from Mexico.
11. Because Dr. Finlay discovered that the mosquito was the carrier of yellow fever.
12. Ecuador.
13. Hernando Cortes.
14. A volcano in Mexico.
15. The northern coast of South America.
16. Colombia.
17. Bolivia and Paraguay.
18. North America, which is 9,363,868 square miles. South America is 7,052,095 square miles. A little over 2 million square miles difference.
19. Leopold Stokowski, who was in Brazil in early 1940.
20. The Pan-American Highway.

Jenny added, "continue with your meeting, and I'll be perfectly quiet."

Miss Haverstraw looked doubtful. Then she turned to the woman who had been speaking and said, "If you don't mind, Mary, would you hold back the rest of your report for a little while?" Mary nodded and sat down. Then Miss Haverstraw said to the entire group, "For some reason, this young lady seems to be amused. Perhaps it would help us in our work if we requested an explanation from our visitor." The words were gracious, but the tone was sharp. Jenny gulped. This certainly didn't come under the duties of a good reporter.

("Just tell them, Sis," she could hear Bob say, as if he were home. "But take it easy, kid.")

Jenny got up and went to the front of the room. She gulped three times walking up, and twice more when she got there. Then she began to speak, taking it very, very easy. "I think I know who those young people you saw riding down Main Street are. I believe they are friends of mine, and if I weren't so anxious to be a newspaper woman I'd have been with them. They are all members of the high school Student Council."

("Use that old diplomacy, kid," Bob would say about now.)

"I'm sure they were laughing much too loud, and it's very understandable that they should have given the wrong impression," Jenny said in the direction of the one named Mary. "I'll bring the point up at our next meeting."

THE one named Mary looked at her neighbor with a pleased smile.

"All of us on the Student Council are very much concerned with the same problems that you are. One of the things we would like to do about it is have our gymnasium opened every afternoon and an occasional evening for organized activities. The teachers have agreed to take turns supervising." Jenny took a breath.

"We only have one more obstacle to overcome," she said, trying very hard never to use a little word when she could think of a big one. "Our equipment is old, and the school budget doesn't allow for any new things until 1947. So the Council is meeting this afternoon to decide on how to raise some money, and also to see whether any of the old equipment is salvagable. I feel sure the group you saw were some of the Council in David's car going to the repair shop."

Jenny couldn't think of anything more, so she said "Thank you," and went to her seat.

The ladies started buzzing again and looking in her direction, only this time their faces were friendly. The one called Mary raised her hand.

"I want to apologize, through this young lady, to the Student Council for having misjudged them so," she announced.

"Very well," said Miss Haverstraw.

Another lady raised her hand. "I would like to thank this young lady for speaking to us," she offered timidly, and sat down.

"Very well," said Miss Haverstraw again.

"Anything else?" No one said anything.

"Well, I think we ought to do something about this gym equipment!" she proclaimed, loudly and decisively. "If there are no objections, I will accompany this young lady to the meeting of her Council, in an effort to ascertain exactly how much it will cost to equip the gymnasium. And if our budget

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## "THE PROM PLOTTERS" a short, short play

CAST: The Twins



Their Father



The Boys



### ACT I: Morning in March

DAD: Listen, I don't care if the two most super men in school HAVE asked you for the spring Prom —I can't afford any more clothes this term!

JANIE: Not even if we charged them?

DAD: Not until I get the last ones paid for!



### ACT II: That night in twins' bedroom

JANIE: You know, it's weeks until the Prom. If we only knew how to sew—

JOAN: Hey! What about those Teen-Age Sewing Lessons at the Singer Sewing Center? I hear you can make a dress while you learn.

JANIE: It's a deal! We can pay for the material and lessons out of our sitter money—and Dad will never know.



### ACT III: Prom night

TWINS (from stairs): Oh, oh, they're here!



BOYS (whistling): Woo! Woo! Let's go!

DAD (to himself): Oh, oh, my charge account!

### ACT IV: Next morning

DAD: You mean you made those swoony-er, those swell-looking dresses yourselves?

JOAN: Yes—and now that Singer taught us to sew, we're going to make all our dress-up clothes—

JANIE: And the rest of the time, we're going to wear your shirts and sports jackets!

FATHER FAINTS      CURTAIN FALLS



**SINGER**  
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

**S**  
SEWING  
CENTERS  
EVERYWHERE

Want twice as many clothes? Take the Teen-Age Sewing Course, on Saturdays or after school. Special rates for girls 12 to 17. Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) for all the details.

(Jr. Vogue Pattern 3011. Size 11 takes 6½ yds. 39" material)

# ROY WILL BRING OUT THE GYPSY IN YOU!

YOU'LL GO GAY, YOU'LL GO WILD,  
YOU'LL GO FOR THIS NEW KIND  
OF EXCITEMENT FOR ROY. IT'S A  
CARNIVAL OF MUSICAL THRILLS!

Hear Roy sing  
the Nation's  
No. 1 Song Hit,  
"ALONG THE  
NAVAJO TRAIL"  
to Dale Evans



Meet  
**ESTELITA  
RODRIGUEZ**  
The Gypsy Bombshell!  
She's Sensational!

## Roy Rogers • Trigger KING OF THE COWBOYS      THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES IN ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

Featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES and DALE EVANS  
with ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ and DOUGLAS FOWLEY • NESTOR PAIVA and  
BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS • A REPUBLIC PICTURE



cannot supply the necessary amount, we'll set about raising the money immediately!"

The ladies looked amazed—but happy. None of them, however, looked one fifth as amazed or happy as Jenny.

She couldn't wait to see the kids' faces when she walked into their Council office with Miss Haverstraw. And when she told them that they would probably get their new equipment, after all.

But even more than that, she couldn't wait to get back to the "Journal." "CEDARVILLE LADIES LEAGUE TO COMBAT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY DONATES GYMNASIUM EQUIPMENT TO HIGH SCHOOL," she could read in her mind. "High School Student Guest Speaker at Meeting." "League President Guest at Student Meeting." WHEE, what a story she'd be able to write.

And when Letitia asked her how it had gone, she'd say, "Just as usual, I guess." Then she'd hand in the story—and would Letitia burn!

But best of all would be the time that she shoved Bob into a chair and made him listen to the whole thing, from beginning to end.

"Oh, what a bea-u-tiful morning, OH, what a bea-u-tiful DAY!" she trilled to herself as she and Miss Haverstraw started toward Cedarville High.

THE END

## Fun on Ice

(Continued from page 17)

ent from my hockey skates. They were lower, for one thing. My friend explained that this made balance and control much easier. Their blades, instead of being straight, were slightly curved—only the center was in contact with the ice. Thus she could spin around as if she were on a pivot.

Next she showed me the most important difference of all. The blades of her skates were hollow ground, so that each blade really had two distinct edges. Instead of traveling on the flat of the blade, she could glide on the inside or outside edges of the skates. She told me, too, that you can do just about everything on figure skates—even play hockey and that many people think they make skating much easier and safer, too, for beginners.

Naturally I rushed straight home to start campaigning for a pair of figure skates and for a membership in the local skating club, where I could get instruction in figure skating. Before long they were forthcoming.

Perhaps you can borrow or rent a pair of figure skates. But I should caution you that if your skate shoes don't fit just right, your first trial may be somewhat discouraging. Improperly fitted shoes may be so loose that they give inadequate support in important places; or if they're too tight they can slow up blood circulation and seriously hamper even an experienced skater. With ill-fitting boots you may even get the impression that you have weak ankles, and that skating is not for you. As a matter of fact, weak ankles are rather rare.

If you decide to buy skates, you'll find you can get a suitable pair of blades and boots for a total of around fifteen to twenty dollars, or perhaps less if you watch for bargains at sporting goods stores. Unless you're

(Continued on page 44)

# Speaking of MOVIES

by PRISCILLA A. SLADE

IF YOUR week isn't complete without taking in the newest "Western" at your neighborhood theater, you're probably one of the millions of fans who's given Roy Rogers the right to be called "The King of the Cowboys," and made him fifth most popular male star by box office standards. Yes, that's right. Roy, as far as box office takes are concerned, must bow only to Van Johnson, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, and Spencer Tracy—pretty good going for a mere cowboy! Of course Roy has Trigger, his matchless white horse, to help him, and together they make an unbeatable team.

Roy, now delighting fans across the country in "Along the Navajo Trail," earned his first dollar in a shoe factory in Portsmouth, Ohio, working beside his father. His first interest in the West began when one of the customers—a man for whom Roy's father made custom-made cowboy boots—invited the boy to his ranch and allowed him to ride his thoroughbred horses. The next push he got towards Hollywood came when his sister married and went west to live, and Roy and his father agreed to save all their money and move the entire family to the coast. Finally, in a second hand jalopy, the trek was made. It was just about that time that Roy, who had got himself a guitar, began to go in for cowboy ballads and hillbilly songs.

Jobs didn't grow on bushes that year, and Roy picked peaches, drove a gravel truck, and helped build the state highway—the very same highway he often travels over in style now when he's going on location. Other jobs included being a cowboy on a real ranch, acting as guide in the Grand Canyon, and doubling in the evening as an entertainer

with his guitar. He was doing all right with his guitar by then, and—with Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer who appear in all of his pictures—he organized his musical trio, "The Sons of the Pioneers." A topnotch recording of the "The Last Roundup" made history, and the "Sons of the Pioneers" were "in."

From there it was only a step to bit parts in Westerns, and, finally came the audition at which Roy sang "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds" so well that he was signed for the lead in "Under Western Stars." Since then he has made about forty pictures, gotten himself married, and—with Trigger, of course—completed a tour of Army camps and flying fields in the Southwest at the invitation of the Eighth Service Command. It all adds up to a success story which is proved by the fact that wherever he goes, it's hats off and cheers for Roy Rogers.



★ An amazed matron in Edmonton, Canada, after seeing menace-man George Coulouris in his latest picture, sent her old friend this telegram: "Heavens to Betsy. Why, you're still making the same kind of faces you used to make at me when we were in the same school!" "Yes, indeed," George wired back. "But, I'm getting paid for them now!"

★ If any of you have been watching Elizabeth Taylor's (*National Velvet*) career with envy, you'll be interested to know that in her next picture, "The Rich Full Life," a recent Broadway production, she'll portray a modern, teen age version of *Camille*—one of the great classic love stories that's practically as famous as Romeo and Juliet.

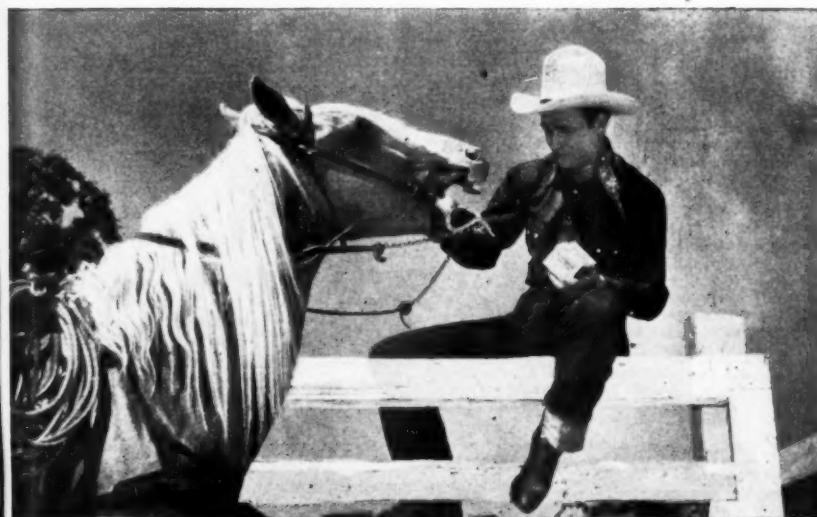


Fifth most popular male movie star today, Roy Rogers started out in a shoe factory!

★ Harry Albiez is an old-time prop man and he knows all the tricks of his trade. To prove this point let us tell you about something that happened on his most recent assignment "She Went to the Races" with James Craig, Frances Gifford, and Ava Gardner. In one of the scenes James Craig is seated before a bowl of potato chips—a rather tempting prop to be sure—and during rehearsals Craig unconsciously made tremendous inroads on those chips. Albiez got tired of having to replenish the bowl, and fixed it so that Craig, eating a large handful, coughed, blew his nose, and complained that his mouth felt all puckered up. No wonder—Albiez had sprinkled the chips with powdered alum—Ugh!

★ If you've got a code in your dose you'll probably turn a little greener at the thought of how Hollywood protects its stars from suffering the same hideous indignity. The studio which filmed "Cinderella Jones" pumped an entire small mountain lake through steam-heated coils so that William Price and Joan Leslie could stand in water up to their necks for one sequence without getting chilled. What happens next? Why the stars are whisked right out of that nice warm water and are tenderly placed under the healthful rays of anti-bacillus lamps!

★ Watch closely and you'll see a two and a half months old Chihuahua, the "smallest dog in the world," in "Holiday in Mexico." Xavier Cugat bought the pup and carries it through the film in the vest pocket of his coat. The Chihuahua, which is only six inches long, has to live up to the fascinating name of Tico-Tico.



Roy gives Trigger—his matchless horse—a lump of sugar. The two, who have acted in about forty movies, are shown on location for Republic's "Along the Navajo Trail"

TO YOU AND YOUR BROTHER . . .

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**NEWEST THING IN MODEL BUILDING!** Expert model builders have discovered dozens of slick new tricks you, too, can do with **Plastic Wood**. Only a few are shown here.

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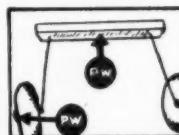
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"Slick New Tricks for Building Better Model Planes" . . . at your local model shop. Or, send a post-card with your name and address to: Boyle-Midway Inc., 22 E. 40th Street, New York 16, N.Y. Get your copy right away!

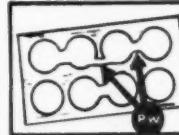
**SWELL for FILLETS . . .**  
Plastic Wood molds into a perfect wood fillet for streamlining joints. Dries fast. Easy to shape and sand.



**NEW TRICKS for LANDING GEAR . . .**  
Plastic Wood holds wire landing gear firmly in balsa or pine. No wrapping. Use it for hub caps.



**SLICK for PATCHING BALSA . . .**  
Plastic Wood repairs broken balsa in a flash. Perfect for patching and filling worm holes. Comes ready to use.



Sold at hobby shops,  
hardware, paint and  
10¢ stores!

**PLASTIC  
WOOD**



## Fun On Ice

(Continued from page 42)

growing very fast, these should do for several seasons, so the cost is not really so very great, spread over that time.

Now, let's get started! Lace on those nice shiny boots and give those silver blades of yours their first workout.

Perhaps some kindly, experienced skater will take your hand and guide your first faltering strokes. Or you may be the truly adventurous type, who strokes right out for the center of the ice. Probably you won't get there—you'll fall, and you'll find that ice is hard!

Just get up and try again, because falling is a normal part of skating, an indication that you're making an all-out attempt at something difficult, instead of sticking timidly to something easy and safe. Even the champions take tumbles. You'll soon learn to fall as they do—just letting yourself go as if you were a rag doll sinking to the ice.

Pretty soon you'll be able to skate all the way down the ice. Then you'll learn to cut corners so that you can swing around in a big circle. After that, you can learn to skate backward. Even if you stop right there, you can have lots of fun on skates.

**BUT** if you're ambitious to do real dancing **B**—such as the waltz, fox trot, tango, or skating specialties like the fourteen-step—you'll first have to learn some of the basic "school figures" which give figure skating its name. They are the basis of dancing and also of the jumps and spins used by advanced skaters. There are about forty school figures in all—figure eights, threes, double threes, loops, brackets, and others. But you'll need only a few of them for dancing.

Perhaps one of your own friends, or some grownup in your neighborhood, will be advanced enough to coach you in these figures. Or is there a professional instructor at your rink or pond? If you have a good-sized group of enthusiastic beginners, you might pool your resources and hire him for an hour a week of class instruction. Some of my early group lessons cost only fifteen cents each—and they were good lessons, too!

If personal skating instruction simply isn't available you can learn a great deal from a good book on the subject. "Primer of Figure Skating" and "Advanced Figure Skating" by Maribel Vinson, Sonja Henie's "Wings on My Feet," and "Pair Skating and Dancing on Ice" by Robert Dench and Rosemarie Stewart, are all grand ones. Pore over their pictures and diagrams, study the texts hard, and don't be ashamed to take the book right along to the ice with you! Remember that the Oriental skating teams who competed in the Olympic Games for the first time at Lake Placid in 1932 learned their skating from books and motion pictures, and they performed remarkably well.

A girl who's really in earnest about figure skating should, if possible, join a club that is affiliated with the United States Figure Skating Association. Only as a member of one of these clubs can she gain official recognition as a figure skater and take part in competitions. The Association sets eight graded tests for skaters, with a gold medal for passing the final one.

At present, sixty-two clubs located in twenty States and the District of Columbia

are affiliated with the USFSA. Write to headquarters at 30 Huntingdon Avenue, Boston 16, Massachusetts, for the location of the club nearest you. Membership in these clubs ranges from twenty-five dollars a year up, and might be a good item to head next year's Christmas list. Your dues assure you good ice, exclusively for figure skating; experienced supervision of your skating; opportunities for group and private lessons; dancing sessions; participation in carnivals and other club events. And usually there's a phonograph that amplifies lovely skating waltzes, and a cozy clubroom where you can warm cold toes by roaring fire.

To become accomplished enough to make a real career of skating costs a good deal in time, money, and effort—the same as proficiency in music or any other field—but it does offer fascinating possibilities if you make the grade. For one thing, you can become a professional instructor. Or, as several of my friends and I have done, you can join one of the ice shows. These shows definitely are on the lookout for new talent, but winning a place isn't easy. Some four thousand skaters tried out for "Ice-Capades" in one year, but only a few were accepted.

It's lots of fun, though, when you do win a place. In my case it meant that at last I could have all the ice I wanted. During my first year with "Ice-Capades," I have skated in thirteen States and the District of Columbia, besides two of the Canadian provinces.

We have had lots of good times and thrills, such as skating before the stars of Hollywood and meeting Frank Sinatra, Clark Gable, and other glamorous people from the screen world. Seeing so much of the country has been fun, too. But looking back on it all, I think some of my happiest times were when I was trying out my first figure skates.

The world of the silver blades is a big one and a growing one. There's a place for you in it. I hope you'll soon join the happy thousands who are already having fun on ice.

Good luck, good fun, and good skating!

THE END

## Wings for Wing Scouts

(Continued from page 24)

Cub for the Wing Scouts at a ceremony in Boston which was broadcast coast to coast, over CBS.

Mr. Piper is giving these planes to the Wing Scouts in recognition of their pioneer work in preflight training, and to encourage a growing interest in flying. He knows that when a student can actually see and touch the parts of the plane she's read about in textbooks and seen diagramed on the blackboard, flying suddenly comes alive, and all the complicated mathematical equations and calculations of distances and compass points and wind deviations suddenly seem as clear as day. When the controls of an airplane can be related to a real plane like the "Wing Scout," aerodynamics and many another \$64 subject loses its mystery, and learning to fly becomes an immediate possibility instead of just a vague dream.

Mr. Piper is going to deliver these planes to the Girl Scouts, one each year for three succeeding years. The planes will stay in each region for one year and then fly on to another deserving group. In this way, at the

(Continued on page 47)

## Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

- Give up breathing
- Minimize the midriff
- Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snug outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And to help you stay dainty, there's a deodorant in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!



Does a square shaped hand indicate—

- An inquiring mind
- An impulsive nature
- A dynamic personality



Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

- A pickle-pan
- Dracula's mother
- Justified

This little lap-lander didn't mean to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering . . . on "those" days, as well, for if you use care in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive safety center gives you extra protection from problem-day accidents!



\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX®  
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# Jokes

## NO SECRET

MEDICO: Ask the accident victim his name, so we can notify his family.

NURSE (a few minutes later): He says his family knows his name.

Sent by NANCY KEACH, Kewanee, Illinois.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Mama Bear and Papa Bear went for a walk in the woods. When they got back Papa Bear said: Who drank my soda pop?

Mama Bear said: Who drank my soda pop?

Baby Bear said: Burp.

Sent by JOAN ROEDER, Deer Creek, Illinois.

## NOTHING TO IT

FIRST STUDENT: Light from the sun travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. Isn't that a remarkable rate of speed?

SECOND STUDENT: Oh, I don't know. It's downhill all the way.

Sent by DOROTHY CAREY, Fort Worth, Texas.

## LITERAL

TEACHER: If a number of cattle are called a herd, and a number of sheep are called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?

JOHNNY: A carton.

Sent by MARY LEE BROWN, Charlotte, North Carolina.

## QUICK THINKING

YOUNG MAN (seated in bus): Excuse me, madam, but you're standing on my feet.

OLD LADY (hanging on strap): I know. But if you were a gentleman you'd be standing on them yourself.

Sent by AGNES DOYLE, Colmar, Pennsylvania.

## GRAND TOTAL

TEACHER: How many bones have you in your body?

WILLIE: Nine hundred.

TEACHER: That's a great many more than I have.

WILLIE: Yes, but you didn't have sardines for supper.

Sent by LUCILLE PINETTE, Brunswick, Maine.

## MIND ON HIS WORK

DINNER GUEST: Will you pass the nuts, Professor?

PROFESSOR (absent-mindedly): Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them.

Sent by JOAN SHAVER, New York City.

## SHORT RATIONS

HENNY: How long ago did gasoline rationing start?

PENNY: More than four hundred years ago.

HENNY: How come?

PENNY: It says in our history book that Queen Isabella gave Columbus just three galleons to sail across the ocean.

Sent by ALICE MCGILL, Anacortes, Washington.

## SELF-RELIANT

FIRST GIRL SCOUT: Are you supporting THE AMERICAN GIRL?

SECOND GIRL SCOUT: Of course not, it has a staff.

Sent by KATHLEEN DAWSON, Roscoe, California.

**NEW PRIZES:** The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke published on this page. So be sure to send us your funniest jokes, giving your name, your age, and your complete address.



"He just said his first ♂"

Courtesy of Collier's

February, 1946

## Wings for Wing Scouts

(Continued from page 45)

end of three years, six regions will have "owned" a Piper Cub. To decide which of the regions now active in Wing Scouting was to receive each of these planes the National Wing Scout Advisory Committee set up a special sub-committee, inviting Mr. Piper, Dr. Ben Wood, Education Consultant for the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Mrs. Noyes Davenport, pilot and pioneer Wing Scout leader, Mrs. James Doolittle, wife of the famous flyer and no mean pilot herself, and W. R. Enyart of the National Aeronautics Association to be members. This sub-committee decided to award the first airplane to the Region most active in Wing Scouting. After careful consideration, the field was narrowed down to three regions and finally the airplane was awarded to Region I. This means that all the Wing Scouts in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island are to have maximum use of the first Piper Cub during 1946. In addition, the use of the airplane has been offered to the Air Scouts, the aviation division of the Boy Scouts, as well as to the Civil Air Patrol and any members of a community who are interested in flying.

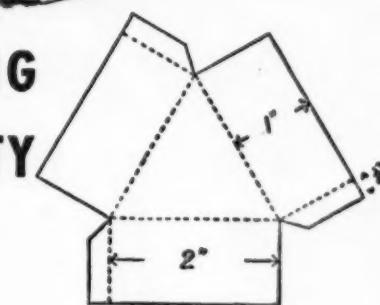
While the committee was pondering the serious problem of which region was to receive the Piper Cub, a nationwide search was being made for a name for the bright yellow plane. It was decided to leave the naming of the airplane up to the girls themselves and suggestions poured in from Scouts in every state of the Union, from New York to Oregon. It was pretty difficult choosing the just-right name for such a special airplane but, finally, Wing Scout Troop No. 18 of Wakefield, Massachusetts, thought of the name that just seemed to leave no room for further argument. "Call it 'Wing Scout,'" they suggested, and "Wing Scout," it is.

With the plane allocated and named, the committee began the long range planning of a well-rounded Wing Scout program built around the "Wing Scout" herself. Since the Cub is to be shared outside of the Scouts and can do much to popularize the air age and relate Wing Scouting to the life of the community, they decided to schedule the use of the airplane so that every qualified person in the region would have a chance to take a trial flight during the year—without depriving the Wing Scout of the major benefits of first-hand flight experience. And real first-hand experience it will be, too, for each Wing Scout will have the opportunity to sit in the cockpit of the airplane and get the "feel" of the stick and get acquainted with the plane's behavior in the air. With the advantages of actual flying, the new Wing Scout Program can become more advanced and many exciting activities can be scheduled for 1946.

The final program has been outlined only tentatively, but we pass it on to you as a sort of preview of what's to come. First and most important—a qualified CAA instructor will be in the cockpit at all times and the airplane, which is fully insured, will be maintained and operated according to the rigid safety rules of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. The airplane will be operated for one or two hours a week for the sole benefit of the Wing Scouts, and no fee will be charged for riding in the plane. However,

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FOR A PARTY*



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any flying hours which might be accumulated in the "Wing Scout" do not count toward your private pilot's certificate. While these "get acquainted" flights will certainly speed the day of your solo, the actual time cannot be recorded in your log book.

The "Wing Scout" was delivered to Region I in mid-January. And (naturally) the first event of her social season was a christening, held on the last Saturday in January at an airport near Boston. All the Wing Scouts in Region I—all seven hundred of them—were invited to attend in uniform, and a great many of them turned up, either to participate in the celebration or just to do some heavy looking on along with many parents and friends of Scouting. Mr. William T. Piper was the guest of honor and other distinguished aviation personalities were on hand. Wing Scout Troop No. 18 of Wakefield, which named the plane, was given front seats.

When it came to the actual christening, a Wing Scout from the winning troop broke a bottle of water over the "Wing Scout's" nose. But don't think any ordinary H<sub>2</sub>O was used for this important ceremony. In true international spirit, the water was dipped from the lake of a Girl Guide Camp near Mexico City and flown here in a sealed bottle—especially for the christening—by a specially chartered DC-3 from Braniff Airways! Then, as a fitting close to the ceremonies, an outstanding Wing Scout, smart in her green uniform and proud wings, stepped into the cockpit of the new plane behind her instructor. The "Wing Scout" taxied down the runway and roared off into the horizon on its maiden flight—a hopeful symbol for all Wing Scouts everywhere.

Sometime soon now, Wing Scouts from all over New England will be asked to send representatives to a conference at the airport near Boston, to discuss aviation topics of the day. Guest speakers will be men and women prominent in flying circles and the resulting information will be tied up with the Wing Scout programs of the separate troops.

Also on the schedule, for the very near future, will be a Wing Scout Open House, held at the airport for parents and friends. The girls plan a special program to tell about the presentation of the "Wing Scout" and what they plan to do with the plane. These plans are all too new and hazy to announce yet, but we do know that after three months at the Boston Airport, the plane will be shuttled about within Region I until—at the end of the year—every Wing Scout in every section of the Region will have had a chance to work with her real live plane.

Since there is much that ariminded boys and girls can contribute to each other's knowledge of aviation and the air age in general, a part of the Wing Scout program is being built around joint activities of Wing Scouts and Air Scouts. And what better place to swap stories and do a little hangar-flying than at the airport? Hard-to-understand problems can often be explained away over a few "cokes" and the resulting fun should make the days of Wing Scouting some of the happiest in life.

The future of America is in the air, and it is the duty of all who can to help train youth to live peacefully in the air age. A generation with its eyes in the blue will have no time to think of any conquest but that of new horizons. The Wing Scouts are trying their wings and the ceiling is unlimited!

THE END

# OFF THE RECORDS

Record stuff about singers, baton wavers,  
music matter, platter chatter. . . .

by JOEY SASSO

**I**T WAS bound to happen—a coffee and doughnut song. The Modernaires have come up with an original written by Hal Dickinson (one of the Modernaires) and Howard Gibeling, called **Coffee Five—Doughnuts Five**. The melody has already been recorded by Paula Kelly and the Modernaires. **Autumn Serenade** is on the turnover. . . .

Buddy Rich, erstwhile drummer-man with Tommy Dorsey's band, is the latest addition to the postwar crop of bandsmen forming their own combinations. The thumpin' skin-beater is being backed in his latest venture by another former T.D. grad and close friend—Frank Sinatra. . . .

Hal McIntyre, who is playing his first tour since returning from Europe, has a new Bluebird (Victor) recording which is well up on the list of best sellers—a strictly instrumental rendition of **Autumn Serenade** showing some mighty fine alto sax work by Mac himself, with **Some Sunday Morning** on the turnover. This makes it number two for McIntyre among the recent best sellers, for his recording **I'll Buy That Dream** has been among the ten top platters in the country for the past five weeks. . . .

Count Basie, the "Jump King of Swing," will continue on his current theater tour until next March when he will return to the airwaves in an eight weeks engagement at the Blue Room of New York's Hotel Lincoln. Basie has been playing theater dates since he left the west coast in October. . . .

Sam Donahue, the sax-tootin' leader of the famed "Band of The U. S. Navy Liberation Forces," will get his Navy discharge shortly, and will reorganize his civilian band. . . .

Long one of the most active peacetime aviators, Vaughn Monroe has eagerly taken up flying again now that the war is over. He drives nearly every day out to a flying field in New Jersey and takes to the stratosphere in his favorite two-seater before showing up for his nightly engagement at the Hotel Commodore. Once civilian planes are on the market again, the baritone bandleader will be one of the first to own his own. . . .

Johnny Desmond, the former Army sergeant who wowed the G.I.'s when he sang overseas with the late Glenn Miller's orchestra, made his Victor recording debut recently. The handsome, black-haired, twenty-five year old vocalist waxed four sides when he sang for the platter mike with Russ Case and his orchestra.

The youthful singer vocalized with Bob Crosby and Gene Krupa's orchestras before entering the Army, and achieved a considerable reputation with what one critic described as his "smooth, creamy baritone." His new Victor sides will be released shortly.

For what may be the first time in the company's history, Victor kids one of its own

records. The new Perry Como disc, **Dig Me Later** is a satire on the jive-talking bobbysockers. The entire musical mood is one of lively parody. At one section of the ditty Perry sings the phrase, "Till the End of Time" which, of course, is the title of his previous smash-hit recording. No sooner has he completed the first recognizable bars than the accompanying Satisfyers quartette emits loud screams of horror. . . .

Tex Beneke, back in civilian life after three years as a Navy C.P.O., will be at the helm of the new Glenn Miller civilian band. The orchestra, which has been playing throughout Europe under the Army Air Force, will be billed as Glenn Miller's Orchestra, with Tex Beneke. The majority of the personnel remains intact. Vocals will be sung by the "Crew Chiefs," a male quartette. The band makes its civilian debut shortly at Providence, Rhode Island. . . .

## RECORD SESSIONS

**Give Me The Simple Life . . . It's The Talk Of The Town . . .** Bing Crosby and Jimmy Dorsey (Decca) . . . With Jimmy Dorsey the latest personality to team with Bing Crosby, this platter joins the parade of happy hits in which Bing has combined talents with such favorites as the Andrews sisters, Cavallero, and Cugat. Bing sings the first side with all his easy-going aplomb and no wonder! It might easily be his theme song—all about a fellow who likes to take it easy and enjoy the simple things of life. Flipover revives an oldie which has never lost its popularity. . . .

**The House I Live In . . . America, The Beautiful . . .** Frank Sinatra . . . (Columbia) . . . On the first side, the lyrics themselves are a stirring message, and Frank sings them with real verve. Intolerance is a sour note to Sinatra, and it is easily discernible that this record is sung from his heart. Platter mate makes a perfect coupling. . . . The well-known lyrics are given new impetus by Frank's expert delivery. Axel Stordahl's musical background is inspirational on both sides.

**The Moment I Met You . . . That Went Out With The Button Shoes . . .** Tommy Dorsey . . . (Victor) . . . Here is Tommy Dorsey in another swell release, with a delivery that has an infectious bounce. The Sentimentalists, feminine quartette, sing this selection with close harmony that has plenty of lyrical appeal. The tune is a fine ditty, played by Dorsey at a slow pace with an insinuating rhythm. The flipover is a novelty keyed to the teen-age spirit with bright lyrics accentuating its youthful appeal. Following the orchestral introduction, Pat Brewster, Stuart Foster, and The Sentimentalists swing into the lyrics in a highly engaging manner. . . .

**Come To Baby, Dol . . . The Frim Frim**

**The American Girl**



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**GIVEN** Vatican "Peace Dove" stamp, Pope's Triangle, Bi-sect Triangle, Philippines' "George Washington," Siberia, Africa, China "Jap Killer," etc.—**GIVEN** for 3c postage, approvals. **Beaman's, Glen Burnie, Maryland**

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**SOURCE . . . King Cole Trio . . . (Capitol) . . .**

The rhythmic, easy-to-listen-to King Cole Trio gives out with one of the best of the current popular tunes on the first side. Taken at a jump tempo, the three ace instrumentalists assist this Hit Parade melody onto the top rung of the musical ladder with their musicianship and Nat "King" Cole's vocal work. The reverse will delight the many King Cole Trio fans from coast to coast, as it is another of the song stylings so identified with this ace Capitol group. A combination of clever lyrics and personalized vocal orderings by Nat stamp this waxing for a definite spot in the "hall of play" . . .

**A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody . . . I Used To Love You . . .** Phil Brito . . . (Musicraft)

Here is another Brito hit, with fine backing by Paul Lavelle and the string orchestra playing a musical setting that makes Phil's singing all the more striking. Brito put plenty of appeal into the love ballad on the flipover.

**Beethoven: Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57 (Appassionata)** Victor Album.

Minuetto from Sonata in E Flat, Op. 31, No. 3. **Artur Rubinstein, pianist.**

One of the noblest of Ludwig van Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas for the piano is the Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57, named the "Appassionata" by Granz, Beethoven's publisher, who brought it out a year after its completion in 1806. It belongs to the period in which the composer of *Fidelio*, the C Minor and *Pastoral* symphonies was at the peak of his powers. It has been given a thrilling performance by Artur Rubinstein.

**Respighi: The Birds.** Victor Album, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, *Desire DeFauw*, conductor.

Ottorini Respighi (1879-1936) is perhaps best known for two orchestral suites, *The Fountains of Rome* and *The Pines of Rome* and for the ballet *La Boutique Fantasque*. The music of this one-time pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, violist and violinist, is notable for its beautiful harmonies, expert orchestration, elegance and charm. Perhaps less familiar, *The Birds* (Gli Uccelli), suite for small orchestra, written by this modern Italian in 1927, perfectly exemplifies these qualities. It has been brilliantly and beautifully recorded for Victor by *Desire DeFauw* and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, recently released by Victor. All five movements of *The Birds*—"Prelude," "The Dove," "The Hen," "The Nightingale," and "The Cuckoo"—draw heavily on seventeenth century composers who wrote for the harpsichord. The showpiece album, which picks up medieval decorative motifs, is an exceptionally handsome job. . .

**Operatic Arias** sung by James Melton, Victor Album. James Melton, tenor, Victor Orchestra, Paul Breisach and Sylvan Levin, conductors.

James Melton, star of the Metropolitan Opera and radio, sings six great arias from operas by Mozart, Massenet, and Wagner. These include the *El Mio Tesoro* (To My Beloved) from Act II of *Don Giovanni* and *O Image, Angel-Like and Fair* from *The Magic Flute*, in both of which Melton has scored a success at the Metropolitan. Other items in the album are two celebrated Wagnerian arias for lyric tenor—in *Fernem Land* from Act III of *Lohengrin*, and the *Preislied* from Act III of *Die Meistersinger*. Technically as well as musically, these are first-rate. . .

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